



# A Heap o' Livin'

Edgar A  
Guest



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A Heap o' Livin'

Compliments of

F. V. Russell

With my sentiments on  
pages 34 and 35 "Old Friend"

12/25/19.



# A Heap o' Livin'

By  
Edgar A. Guest  
Author of  
"Just Folks"



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*A Heap o' Livin'*



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G93-h

To  
Marjorie and Buddy  
this little book of verse  
is affectionately  
dedicated  
by their Daddy



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## WHEN YOU KNOW A FELLOW

When you get to know a fellow, know his joys  
and know his cares,

When you've come to understand him and the  
burdens that he bears,

When you've learned the fight he's making and  
the troubles in his way,

Then you find that he is different than you  
thought him yesterday.

You find his faults are trivial and there's not so  
much to blame

In the brother that you jeered at when you only  
knew his name.

You are quick to see the blemish in the distant  
neighbor's style,

You can point to all his errors and may sneer  
at him the while,

And your prejudices fatten and your hates  
more violent grow

As you talk about the failures of the man you  
do not know,

But when drawn a little closer, and your hands  
and shoulders touch,

You find the traits you hated really don't  
amount to much.

When you get to know a fellow, know his every  
mood and whim,  
You begin to find the texture of the splendid  
side of him;  
You begin to understand him, and you cease to  
scoff and sneer,  
For with understanding always prejudices dis-  
appear.  
You begin to find his virtues and his faults you  
cease to tell,  
For you seldom hate a fellow when you know  
him very well.

When next you start in sneering and your  
phrases turn to blame,  
Know more of him you censure than his business  
and his name;  
For it's likely that acquaintance would your  
prejudice dispel  
And you'd really come to like him if you  
knew him very well.  
When you get to know a fellow and you under-  
stand his ways,  
Then his faults won't really matter, for you'll  
find a lot to praise.



## THE ROUGH LITTLE RASCAL

A smudge on his nose and a smear on his cheek  
And knees that might not have been washed in  
a week;

A bump on his forehead, a scar on his lip,  
A relic of many a tumble and trip:  
A rough little, tough little rascal, but sweet,  
Is he that each evening I'm eager to meet.

A brow that is beady with jewels of sweat;  
A face that's as black as a visage can get;  
A suit that at noon was a garment of white,  
Now one that his mother declares is a fright:  
A fun-loving, sun-loving rascal, and fine,  
Is he that comes placing his black fist in mine.

A crop of brown hair that is tousled and tossed;  
A waist from which two of the buttons are lost;  
A smile that shines out through the dirt and the  
grime,  
And eyes that are flashing delight all the time:  
All these are the joys that I'm eager to meet  
And look for the moment I get to my street.

## IT ISN'T COSTLY

Does the grouch get richer quicker than the  
friendly sort of man?

Can the grumbler labor better than the cheerful  
fellow can?

Is the mean and churlish neighbor any cleverer  
than the one

Who shouts a glad "good morning," and then  
smiling passes on?

Just stop and think about it. Have you ever  
known or seen

A mean man who succeeded, just because he  
was so mean?

When you find a grouch with honors and with  
money in his pouch,

You can bet he didn't win them just because  
he was a grouch.

Oh, you'll not be any poorer if you smile along  
your way,

And your lot will not be harder for the kindly  
things you say.

Don't imagine you are wasting time for others  
that you spend:

You can rise to wealth and glory and still pause  
to be a friend.

## MY CREED

To live as gently as I can;  
To be, no matter where, a man;  
To take what comes of good or ill  
And cling to faith and honor still;  
To do my best, and let that stand  
The record of my brain and hand;  
And then, should failure come to me,  
Still work and hope for victory.

To have no secret place wherein  
I stoop unseen to shame or sin;  
To be the same when I'm alone  
As when my every deed is known;  
To live undaunted, unafraid  
Of any step that I have made;  
To be without pretense or sham  
Exactly what men think I am.

To leave some simple mark behind  
To keep my having lived in mind;  
If enmity to aught I show,  
To be an honest, generous foe,  
To play my little part, nor whine  
That greater honors are not mine.  
This, I believe, is all I need  
For my philosophy and creed.

## A WISH

I'd like to be a boy again, a care-free prince of  
joy again,

I'd like to tread the hills and dales the way I  
used to do;

I'd like the tattered shirt again, the knickers  
thick with dirt again,

The ugly, dusty feet again that long ago I  
knew.

I'd like to play first base again, and Sliver's  
curves to face again,

I'd like to climb, the way I did, a friendly  
apple tree;

For, knowing what I do to-day, could I but  
wander back and play,

I'd get full measure of the joy that boy-  
hood gave to me.

I'd like to be a lad again, a youngster, wild and  
glad again,

I'd like to sleep and eat again the way I used  
to do;

I'd like to race and run again, and drain from  
life its fun again,

And start another round of joy the moment  
one was through.

But care and strife have come to me, and often  
days are glum to me,

And sleep is not the thing it was and food  
is not the same;  
And I have sighed, and known that I must  
journey on again to sigh,  
And I have stood at envy's point and heard  
the voice of shame.

I've learned that joys are fleeting things; that  
parting pain each meeting brings;  
That gain and loss are partners here, and so  
are smiles and tears;  
That only boys from day to day can drain and  
fill the cup of play;  
That age must mourn for what is lost  
throughout the coming years.  
But boys cannot appreciate their priceless joy  
until too late  
And those who own the charms I had will  
soon be changed to men;  
And then, they too will sit, as I, and backward  
turn to look and sigh  
And share my longing, vain, to be a care-  
free boy again.

## WHAT A BABY COSTS

“How much do babies cost?” said he  
The other night upon my knee;  
And then I said: “They cost a lot;  
A lot of watching by a cot,  
A lot of sleepless hours and care,  
A lot of heart-ache and despair,  
A lot of fear and trying dread,  
And sometimes many tears are shed  
In payment for our babies small,  
But every one is worth it all.

“For babies people have to pay  
A heavy price from day to day —  
There is no way to get one cheap.  
Why, sometimes when they’re fast asleep  
You have to get up in the night  
And go and see that they’re all right.  
But what they cost in constant care  
And worry, does not half compare  
With what they bring of joy and bliss —  
You’d pay much more for just a kiss.

“Who buys a baby has to pay  
A portion of the bill each day;  
He has to give his time and thought  
Unto the little one he’s bought.  
He has to stand a lot of pain  
Inside his heart and not complain;

And pay with lonely days and sad  
For all the happy hours he's had.  
All this a baby costs, and yet  
His smile is worth it all, you bet."

## MOTHER

Never a sigh for the cares that she bore for me,  
Never a thought of the joys that flew by;  
Her one regret that she couldn't do more for me,  
Thoughtless and selfish, her Master was I.

Oh, the long nights that she came at my call to  
me!

Oh, the soft touch of her hands on my brow!  
Oh, the long years that she gave up her all to  
me!

Oh, how I yearn for her gentleness now!

Slave to her baby! Yes, that was the way of  
her,

Counting her greatest of services small;  
Words cannot tell what this old heart would  
say of her,

Mother — the sweetest and fairest of all.

## SELFISH

I am selfish in my wishin' every sort o' joy for  
you;

I am selfish when I tell you that I'm wishin'  
skies o' blue

Bending o'er you every minute, and a pocketful  
of gold,

An' as much of love an' gladness as a human  
heart can hold.

Coz I know beyond all question that if such a  
thing could be

As you cornerin' life's riches you would share  
'em all with me.

I am selfish in my wishin' every sorrow from  
your way,

With no trouble thoughts to fret you at the  
closin' o' the day;

An' it's selfishness that bids me wish you com-  
forts by the score,

An' all the joys you long for, an' on top o'  
them, some more;

Coz I know, old tried an' faithful, that if such  
a thing could be

As you cornerin' life's riches you would share  
'em all with me.



## RICH

Who has a troop of romping youth  
About his parlor floor,  
Who nightly hears a round of cheers,  
When he is at the door,  
Who is attacked on every side  
By eager little hands  
That reach to tug his grizzled mug,  
The wealth of earth commands.

Who knows the joys of girls and boys,  
His lads and lassies, too,  
Who's pounced upon and bounced upon  
When his day's work is through,  
Whose trousers know the gentle tug  
Of some glad little tot,  
The baby of his crew of love,  
Is wealthier than a lot.

Oh, be he poor and sore distressed  
And weary with the fight,  
If with a whoop his healthy troop  
Run, welcoming at night,  
And kisses greet him at the end  
Of all his toiling grim,  
With what is best in life he's blest  
And rich men envy him.

## MA AND THE AUTO

Before we take an auto ride Pa says to Ma:

“My dear,

Now just remember I don't need suggestions  
from the rear.

If you will just sit still back there and hold  
in check your fright,

I'll take you where you want to go and get  
you back all right.

Remember that my hearing's good and also I'm  
not blind,

And I can drive this car without suggestions  
from behind.”

Ma promises that she'll keep still, then off we  
gayly start,

But soon she notices ahead a peddler and his  
cart.

“You'd better toot your horn,” says she, “to let  
him know we're near;

He might turn out!” and Pa replies: “Just  
shriek at him, my dear.”

And then he adds: “Some day, some guy will  
make a lot of dough

By putting horns on tonneau seats for women-  
folks to blow!”

A little farther on Ma cries: "He signaled for  
a turn!"

And Pa says: "Did he?" in a tone that's hot  
enough to burn.

"Oh, there's a boy on roller skates!" cries Ma.  
"Now do go slow.

I'm sure he doesn't see our car." And Pa says:  
"I dunno,

I think I don't need glasses yet, but really it  
may be

That I am blind and cannot see what's right  
in front of me."

If Pa should speed the car a bit some rigs to  
hurry past

Ma whispers: "Do be careful now. You're  
driving much too fast."

And all the time she's pointing out the dangers  
of the street

And keeps him posted on the roads where  
trolley cars he'll meet.

Last night when we got safely home, Pa sighed  
and said: "My dear,

I'm sure we've all enjoyed the drive you gave  
us from the rear!"

## ON GOING HOME FOR CHRISTMAS

He little knew the sorrow that was in his vacant  
    chair;  
He never guessed they'd miss him, or he'd  
    surely have been there;  
He couldn't see his mother or the lump that  
    filled her throat,  
Or the tears that started falling as she read  
    his hasty note;  
And he couldn't see his father, sitting sor-  
    rowful and dumb,  
Or he never would have written that he thought  
    he couldn't come.

He little knew the gladness that his presence  
    would have made,  
And the joy it would have given, or he never  
    would have stayed.  
He didn't know how hungry had the little  
    mother grown  
Once again to see her baby and to claim him  
    for her own.  
He didn't guess the meaning of his visit  
    Christmas Day  
Or he never would have written that he  
    couldn't get away.

He couldn't see the fading of the cheeks that  
once were pink,  
And the silver in the tresses; and he didn't  
stop to think  
How the years are passing swiftly, and next  
Christmas it might be  
There would be no home to visit and no mother  
dear to see.  
He didn't think about it — I'll not say he didn't  
care.  
He was heedless and forgetful or he'd surely  
have been there.

Are you going home for Christmas? Have you  
written you'll be there?  
Going home to kiss the mother and to show  
her that you care?  
Going home to greet the father in a way to  
make him glad?  
If you're not I hope there'll never come a time  
you'll wish you had.  
Just sit down and write a letter — it will make  
their heart strings hum  
With a tune of perfect gladness — if you'll tell  
them that you'll come.

## AT SUGAR CAMP

At Sugar Camp the cook is kind  
And laughs the laugh we knew as boys;  
And there we slip away and find  
Awaiting us the old-time joys.  
The catbird calls the selfsame way  
She used to in the long ago,  
And there's a chorus all the day  
Of songsters it is good to know.

The killdeer in the distance cries;  
The thrasher, in her garb of brown,  
From tree to tree in gladness flies.  
Forgotten is the world's renown,  
Forgotten are the years we've known;  
At Sugar Camp there are no men;  
We've ceased to strive for things to own;  
We're in the woods as boys again.

Our pride is in the strength of trees,  
Our pomp the pomp of living things;  
Our ears are tuned to melodies  
That every feathered songster sings.  
At Sugar Camp our noonday meal  
Is eaten in the open air,  
Where through the leaves the sunbeams steal  
And simple is our bill of fare.

At Sugar Camp in peace we dwell  
And none is boastful of himself;  
None plots to gain with shot and shell  
His neighbor's bit of land or pelf.  
The roar of cannon isn't heard,  
There stilled is money's tempting voice;  
Someone detects a new-come bird  
And at her presence all rejoice.

At Sugar Camp the cook is kind;  
His steak is broiling o'er the coals  
And in its sputtering we find  
Sweet harmony for tired souls.  
There, sheltered by the friendly trees,  
As boys we sit to eat our meal,  
And, brothers to the birds and bees,  
We hold communion with the real.

## HOME

It takes a heap o' livin' in a house t' make it  
home,  
A heap o' sun an' shadder, an' ye sometimes  
have t' roam  
Afore ye really 'preciate the things ye lef'  
behind,  
An' hunger fer 'em somehow, with 'em allus  
on yer mind.  
It don't make any differunce how rich ye get  
t' be,  
How much yer chairs an' tables cost, how great  
yer luxury;  
It ain't home t' ye, though it be the palace of a  
king,  
Until somehow yer soul is sort o' wrapped round  
everything.

Home ain't a place that gold can buy or get up  
in a minute;  
Afore it's home there's got t' be a heap o' livin'  
in it;  
Within the walls there's got t' be some babies  
born, and then  
Right there ye've got t' bring 'em up t' women  
good, an' men;  
And gradjerly, as time goes on, ye find ye  
wouldn't part



With anything they ever used — they've grown  
into yer heart:

The old high chairs, the playthings, too, the  
little shoes they wore

Ye hoard; an' if ye could ye'd keep the thumb-  
marks on the door.

Ye've got t' weep t' make it home, ye've got t'  
sit an' sigh

An' watch beside a loved one's bed, an' know  
that Death is nigh;

An' in the stillness o' the night t' see Death's  
angel come,

An' close the eyes o' her that smiled, an' leave  
her sweet voice dumb.

Fer these are scenes that grip the heart, an'  
when yer tears are dried,

Ye find the home is dearer than it was, an'  
sanctified;

An' tuggin' at ye always are the pleasant  
memories

O' her that was an' is no more — ye can't escape  
from these.

Ye've got t' sing an' dance fer years, ye've got  
t' romp an' play,

An' learn t' love the things ye have by usin' 'em  
each day;

Even the roses 'round the porch must blossom  
year by year

Afore they 'come a part o' ye, suggestin'  
someone dear  
Who used t' love 'em long ago, an' trained 'em  
jes' t' run  
The way they do, so's they would get the early  
mornin' sun;  
Ye've got t' love each brick an' stone from  
cellar up t' dome:  
It takes a heap o' livin' in a house t' make it  
home.

## THE PATH THAT LEADS TO HOME

The little path that leads to home,  
That is the road for me,  
I know no finer path to roam,  
With finer sights to see.  
With thoroughfares the world is lined  
That lead to wonders new,  
But he who treads them leaves behind  
The tender things and true.

Oh, north and south and east and west  
The crowded roadways go,  
And sweating brow and weary breast  
Are all they seem to know.  
And mad for pleasure some are bent,  
And some are seeking fame,

And some are sick with discontent,  
And some are bruised and lame.

Across the world the gleaming steel  
Holds out its lure for men,  
But no one finds his comfort real  
Till he comes home again.  
And charted lanes now line the sea  
For weary hearts to roam,  
But, Oh, the finest path to me  
Is that which leads to home.

'Tis there I come to laughing eyes  
And find a welcome true;  
'Tis there all care behind me lies  
And joy is ever new.  
And, Oh, when every day is done  
Upon that little street,  
A pair of rosy youngsters run  
To me with flying feet.

The world with myriad paths is lined  
But one alone for me,  
One little road where I may find  
The charms I want to see.  
Though thoroughfares majestic call  
The multitude to roam,  
I would not leave, to know them all,  
The path that leads to home.

## A FRIEND'S GREETING

I'd like to be the sort of friend that you have  
been to me;

I'd like to be the help that you've been always  
glad to be;

I'd like to mean as much to you each minute  
of the day

As you have meant, old friend of mine, to me  
along the way.

I'd like to do the big things and the splendid  
things for you,

To brush the gray from out your skies and  
leave them only blue;

I'd like to say the kindly things that I so oft  
have heard,

And feel that I could rouse your soul the way  
that mine you've stirred.

I'd like to give you back the joy that you have  
given me,

Yet that were wishing you a need I hope will  
never be;

I'd like to make you feel as rich as I, who  
travel on

Undaunted in the darkest hours with you to  
lean upon.

I'm wishing at this Christmas time that I could  
but repay  
A portion of the gladness that you've strewn  
along my way;  
And could I have one wish this year, this only  
would it be:  
I'd like to be the sort of friend that you have  
been to me.

### A SONG

None knows the day that friends must part.  
None knows how near is sorrow;  
If there be laughter in your heart,  
Don't hold it for to-morrow.  
Smile all the smiles you can to-day;  
Grief waits for all along the way.

To-day is ours for joy and mirth;  
We may be sad to-morrow;  
Then let us sing for all we're worth,  
Nor give a thought to sorrow.  
None knows what lies along the way;  
Let's smile what smiles we can to-day.

## OLD FRIENDS

I do not say new friends are not considerate and  
true,  
Or that their smiles ain't genuine, but still I'm  
tellin' you  
That when a feller's heart is crushed and achin'  
with the pain,  
And teardrops come a-splashin' down his cheeks  
like summer rain,  
Becoz his grief an' loneliness are more than  
he can bear,  
Somehow it's only old friends, then, that really  
seem to care.  
The friends who've stuck through thick an'  
thin, who've known you, good an' bad,  
Your faults an' virtues, an' have seen the strug-  
gles you have had,  
When they come to you gentle-like an' take  
your hand an' say:  
"Cheer up! we're with you still," it counts, for  
that's the old friends' way.

The new friends may be fond of you for what  
you are to-day;  
They've only known you rich, perhaps, an' only  
seen you gay;  
You can't tell what's attracted them; your  
station may appeal;

Perhaps they smile on you because you're doin'  
something real;  
But old friends who have seen you fail, an' also  
seen you win,  
Who've loved you either up or down, stuck  
to you, thick or thin,  
Who knew you as a budding youth, an' watched  
you start to climb,  
Through weal an' woe, still friends of yours  
an' constant all the time,  
When trouble comes an' things go wrong, I  
don't care what you say,  
They are the friends you'll turn to, for you  
want the old friends' way.

The new friends may be richer, an' more stylish,  
too, but when  
Your heart is achin' an' you think your sun  
won't shine again,  
It's not the riches of new friends you want, it's  
not their style,  
It's not the airs of grandeur then, it's just the  
old friend's smile,  
The old hand that has helped before, stretched  
out once more to you,  
The old words ringin' in your ears, so sweet an',  
Oh, so true!  
The tenderness of folks who know just what  
your sorrow means,

These are the things on which, somehow, your  
spirit always leans.

When grief is poundin' at your breast — the  
new friends disappear

An' to the old ones tried an' true, you turn for  
aid an' cheer.

## FOLKS

We was speakin' of folks, jes' common folks,

An' we come to this conclusion,

That wherever they be, on land or sea,

They warm to a home allusion;

That under the skin an' under the hide

There's a spark that starts a-glowin'

Whenever they look at a scene or book

That something of home is showin'.

They may differ in creeds an' politics,

They may argue an' even quarrel,

But their throats grip tight, if they catch a  
sight

Of their favorite elm or laurel.

An' the winding lane that they used to tread

With never a care to fret 'em,

Or the pasture gate where they used to wait,

Right under the skin will get 'em.



Now folks is folks on their different ways,  
With their different griefs an' pleasures,  
But the home they knew, when their years were  
few,

Is the dearest of all their treasures.  
An' the richest man to the poorest waif  
Right under the skin is brother  
When they stand an' sigh, with a tear-dimmed  
eye,  
At a thought of the dear old mother.

It makes no difference where it may be,  
Nor the fortunes that years may alter,  
Be they simple or wise, the old home ties  
Make all of 'em often falter.  
Time may robe 'em in sackcloth coarse  
Or garb 'em in gorgeous splendor,  
But whatever their lot, they keep one spot  
Down deep that is sweet an' tender.

We was speakin' of folks, jes' common folks,  
An' we come to this conclusion,  
That one an' all, be they great or small,  
Will warm to a home allusion;  
That under the skin an' the beaten hide  
They're kin in a real affection  
For the joys they knew, when their years were  
few,  
An' the home of their recollection.

## LITTLE MASTER MISCHIEVOUS

Little Master Mischievous, that's the name for  
you;  
There's no better title that describes the things  
you do:  
Into something all the while where you  
shouldn't be,  
Prying into matters that are not for you to see;  
Little Master Mischievous, order's overthrown  
If your mother leaves you for a minute all  
alone.

Little Master Mischievous, opening every door,  
Spilling books and papers round about the parlor  
floor,  
Scratching all the tables and marring all the  
chairs,  
Climbing where you shouldn't climb and tum-  
bling down the stairs.  
How'd you get the ink well? We can never  
guess.  
Now the rug is ruined; so's your little dress.

Little Master Mischievous, in the cookie jar,  
Who has ever told you where the cookies are?  
Now your sticky fingers smear the curtains  
white;  
You have finger-printed everything in sight.

There's no use in scolding; when you smile that  
way

You can rob 'of terror every word we say.

Little Master Mischievous, that's the name for  
you;

There's no better title that describes the things  
you do:

Prying into corners, peering into nooks,

Tugging table covers, tearing costly books.

Little Master Mischievous, have your roguish  
way;

Time, I know, will stop you, soon enough some  
day.

## OPPORTUNITY

So long as men shall be on earth

There will be tasks for them to do,

Some way for them to show their worth;

Each day shall bring its problems new.

And men shall dream of mightier deeds

Than ever have been done before:

There always shall be human needs

For men to work and struggle for.

## THE SORROW TUGS

There's a lot of joy in the smiling world,  
there's plenty of morning sun,  
And laughter and songs and dances, too, when-  
ever the day's work's done;  
Full many an hour is a shining one, when  
viewed by itself apart,  
But the golden threads in the warp of life are  
the sorrow tugs at your heart.

Oh, the fun is froth and it blows away, and  
many a joy's forgot,  
And the pleasures come and the pleasures go,  
and memory holds them not;  
But treasured ever you keep the pain that causes  
your tears to start,  
For the sweetest hours are the ones that bring  
the sorrow tugs at your heart.

The lump in your throat and the little sigh when  
your baby trudged away  
The very first time to the big red school — how  
long will their memory stay?  
The fever days and the long black nights you  
watched as she troubled, slept,  
And the joy you felt when she smiled once  
more — how long will that all be kept?

The glad hours live in a feeble way, but the sad  
ones never die.

His first long trousers caused a pang and you  
saw them with a sigh.

And the big still house when the boy and girl,  
unto youth and beauty grown,

To college went; will you e'er forget that first  
grim hour alone?

It seems as you look back over things, that all  
that you treasure dear

Is somehow blent in a wondrous way with a  
heart pang and a tear.

Though many a day is a joyous one when  
viewed by itself apart,

The golden threads in the warp of life are the  
sorrow tugs at your heart.

## ONLY A DAD

Only a dad with a tired face,  
Coming home from the daily race,  
Bringing little of gold or fame  
To show how well he has played the game;  
But glad in his heart that his own rejoice  
To see him come and to hear his voice.

Only a dad with a brood of four,  
One of ten million men or more  
Plodding along in the daily strife,  
Bearing the whips and the scorns of life,  
With never a whimper of pain or hate,  
For the sake of those who at home await.

Only a dad, neither rich nor proud,  
Merely one of the surging crowd,  
Toiling, striving from day to day,  
Facing whatever may come his way,  
Silent whenever the harsh condemn,  
And bearing it all for the love of them.

Only a dad but he gives his all,  
To smooth the way for his children small,  
Doing with courage stern and grim  
The deeds that his father did for him.  
This is the line that for him I pen:  
Only a dad, but the best of men.

## HARD KNOCKS

I'm not the man to say that failure's sweet,  
Nor tell a chap to laugh when things go  
wrong;

I know it hurts to have to take defeat  
An' no one likes to lose before a throng;  
It isn't very pleasant not to win  
When you have done the very best you could;  
But if you're down, get up an' buckle in —  
A lickin' often does a fellow good.

I've seen some chaps who never knew their  
power  
Until somebody knocked 'em to the floor;  
I've known men who discovered in an hour  
A courage they had never shown before.  
I've seen 'em rise from failure to the top  
By doin' things they hadn't understood  
Before the day disaster made 'em drop —  
A lickin' often does a fellow good.

Success is not the teacher, wise an' true,  
That gruff old failure is, remember that;  
She's much too apt to make a fool of you,  
Which isn't true of blows that knock you flat.  
Hard knocks are painful things an' hard to bear,  
An' most of us would dodge 'em if we could;  
There's something mighty broadening in care —  
A lickin' often does a fellow good.

## SPRING IN THE TRENCHES

It's coming time for planting in that little patch  
of ground,  
Where the lad and I made merry as he followed  
me around;  
Now the sun is getting higher, and the skies  
above are blue,  
And I'm hungry for the garden, and I wish the  
war was through.  
But it's tramp, tramp, tramp,  
And it's never look behind,  
And when you see a stranger's kids  
Pretend that you are blind.

The spring is coming back again, the birds  
begin to mate;  
The skies are full of kindness, but the world is  
full of hate.  
And it's I that should be bending now in peace  
above the soil  
With laughing eyes and little hands about to  
bless the toil.  
But it's fight, fight, fight,  
And it's charge at double-quick;  
A soldier thinking thoughts of home  
Is one more soldier sick.



Last year I brought the bulbs to bloom and  
saw the roses bud;

This year I'm ankle deep in mire, and most of  
it is blood.

Last year the mother in the door was glad as  
she could be;

To-day her heart is full of pain, and mine is  
hurting me.

But it's shoot, shoot, shoot,

And when the bullets hiss,

Don't let the tears fill up your eyes,

For weeping soldiers miss.

Oh, who will tend the roses now and who will  
sow the seeds?

And who will do the heavy work the little  
garden needs?

And who will tell the lad of mine the things  
he wants to know,

And take his hand and lead him round the  
paths we used to go?

For it's charge, charge, charge,

And it's face the foe once more;

Forget the things you love the most

And keep your mind on gore.

## FATHER

Used to wonder just why father  
    Never had much time for play,  
Used to wonder why he'd rather  
    Work each minute of the day.  
Used to wonder why he never  
    Loafed along the road an' shirked;  
Can't recall a time whenever  
    Father played while others worked.

Father didn't dress in fashion,  
    Sort of hated clothing new;  
Style with him was not a passion;  
    He had other things in view.  
Boys are blind to much that's going  
    On about 'em day by day,  
And I had no way of knowing  
    What became of father's pay.

All I knew was when I needed  
    Shoes I got 'em on the spot;  
Everything for which I pleaded,  
    Somehow, father always got.  
Wondered, season after season,  
    Why he never took a rest,  
And that *I* might be the reason  
    Then I never even guessed.

Father set a store on knowledge;  
If he'd lived to have his way  
He'd have sent me off to college  
And the bills been glad to pay.  
That, I know, was his ambition:  
Now and then he used to say  
He'd have done his earthly mission  
On my graduation day.

Saw his cheeks were getting paler,  
Didn't understand just why;  
Saw his body growing frailer,  
Then at last I saw him die.  
Rest had come! His tasks were ended,  
Calm was written on his brow;  
Father's life was big and splendid,  
And I understand it now.

## LADDIES

Show me the boy who never threw  
    A stone at someone's cat,  
Or never hurled a snowball swift  
    At someone's high silk hat —  
Who never ran away from school,  
    To seek the swimming hole,  
Or slyly from a neighbor's yard  
    Green apples never stole —

Show me the boy who never broke  
    A pane of window glass,  
Who never disobeyed the sign  
    That says: "Keep off the grass."  
Who never did a thousand things,  
    That grieve us sore to tell,  
And I'll show you a little boy  
    Who must be far from well.

## THE LIVING BEAUTIES

I never knew, until they went,  
How much their laughter really meant.  
I never knew how much the place  
Depended on each little face;  
How barren home could be and drear  
Without its living beauties here.

I never knew that chairs and books  
Could wear such sad and solemn looks!  
That rooms and halls could be at night  
So still and drained of all delight.  
This home is now but brick and board  
Where bits of furniture are stored.

I used to think I loved each shelf  
And room for what it was itself.  
And once I thought each picture fine  
Because I proudly called it mine.  
But now I know they mean no more  
Than art works hanging in a store.

Until they went away to roam  
I never knew what made it home.  
But I have learned that all is base,  
However wonderful the place  
And decked with costly treasures, rare,  
Unless the living joys are there.

## AT BREAKFAST TIME

My Pa he eats his breakfast in a funny sort of  
way:

We hardly ever see him at the first meal of the  
day.

Ma puts his food before him and he settles in  
his place

An' then he props the paper up and we can't  
see his face;

We hear him blow his coffee and we hear him  
chew his toast,

But it's for the morning paper that he seems  
to care the most.

Ma says that little children mighty grateful  
ought to be

To the folks that fixed the evening as the proper  
time for tea.

She says if meals were only served to people  
once a day,

An' that was in the morning just before Pa goes  
away,

We'd never know how father looked when he  
was in his place,

Coz he'd always have the morning paper stuck  
before his face.

He drinks his coffee steamin' hot, an' passes  
Ma his cup

To have it filled a second time, an' never once  
looks up.

He never has a word to say, but just sits there  
an' reads,

An' when she sees his hand stuck out Ma gives  
him what he needs.

She guesses what it is he wants, coz it's no use  
to ask:

Pa's got to read his paper an' sometimes that's  
quite a task.

One morning we had breakfast an' his features  
we could see,

But his face was long an' solemn an' he didn't  
speak to me,

An' we couldn't get him laughin' an' we couldn't  
make him smile,

An' he said the toast was soggy an' the coffee  
simply vile.

Then Ma said: "What's the matter? Why are  
you so cross an' glum?"

An' Pa 'most took her head off coz the paper  
didn't come.

## CAN'T

*Can't* is the worst word that's written or spoken;

Doing more harm here than slander and lies;  
On it is many a strong spirit broken,

And with it many a good purpose dies.

It springs from the lips of the thoughtless each morning

And robs us of courage we need through the day:

It rings in our ears like a timely-sent warning  
And laughs when we falter and fall by the way.

*Can't* is the father of feeble endeavor,

The parent of terror and half-hearted work;  
It weakens the efforts of artisans clever,

And makes of the toiler an indolent shirk.

It poisons the soul of the man with a vision,  
It stifles in infancy many a plan;

It greets honest toiling with open derision  
And mocks at the hopes and the dreams of a man.

*Can't* is a word none should speak without blushing;

To utter it should be a symbol of shame;  
Ambition and courage it daily is crushing;



It blights a man's purpose and shortens his  
aim.

Despise it with all of your hatred of error;  
Refuse it the lodgment it seeks in your brain;  
Arm against it as a creature of terror,  
And all that you dream of you some day shall  
gain.

*Can't* is the word that is foe to ambition,  
An enemy ambushed to shatter your will;  
Its prey is forever the man with a mission  
And bows but to courage and patience and  
skill.  
Hate it, with hatred that's deep and undying,  
For once it is welcomed 'twill break any  
man;  
Whatever the goal you are seeking, keep trying  
And answer this demon by saying: "*I can.*"

## JAMES WHITCOMB RILEY

*Written July 22, 1916, when the  
world lost its "Poet of Childhood."*

There must be great rejoicin' on the Golden  
Shore to-day,  
An' the big an' little angels must be feelin'  
mighty gay:  
Could we look beyond the curtain now I fancy  
we should see  
Old Aunt Mary waitin', smilin', for the coming  
that's to be,  
An' Little Orphant Annie an' the whole excited  
pack  
Dancin' up an' down an' shoutin': "Mr. Riley's  
comin' back!"

There's a heap o' real sadness in this good old  
world to-day;  
There are lumpy throats this morning now that  
Riley's gone away;  
There's a voice now stilled forever that in  
sweetness only spoke  
An' whispered words of courage with a faith that  
never broke.  
There is much of joy and laughter that we  
mortals here will lack,  
But the angels must be happy now that Riley's  
comin' back.

The world was gettin' dreary, there was too  
much sigh an' frown  
In this vale o' mortal strivin', so God sent Jim  
Riley down,  
An' He said: "Go there an' cheer 'em in your  
good old-fashioned way,  
With your songs of tender sweetness, but don't  
make your plans to stay,  
Coz you're needed up in Heaven. I am lendin'  
you to men  
Just to help 'em with your music, but I'll want  
you back again."

An' Riley came, an' mortals heard the music of  
his voice  
An' they caught his songs o' beauty an' they  
started to rejoice;  
An' they leaned on him in sorrow, an' they  
shared with him their joys,  
An' they walked with him the pathways that  
they knew when they were boys.  
But the heavenly angels missed him, missed his  
tender, gentle knack  
Of makin' people happy, an' they wanted Riley  
back.

There must be great rejoicin' on the streets of  
Heaven to-day  
An' all the angel children must be troopin'  
down the way,

Singin' heavenly songs of welcome an' pre-  
parin' now to greet  
The soul that God had tintured with an ever-  
lasting sweet;  
The world is robed in sadness an' is draped in  
sombre black;  
But joy must reign in Heaven now that Riley's  
comin' back.

## RESULTS AND ROSES

The man who wants a garden fair,  
Or small or very big,  
With flowers growing here and there,  
Must bend his back and dig.

The things are mighty few on earth  
That wishes can attain.  
Whate'er we want of any worth  
We've got to work to gain.

It matters not what goal you seek  
Its secret here reposes:  
You've got to dig from week to week  
To get Results or Roses.

## THE OTHER FELLOW

Are you fond of your wife and your children  
fair?

So is the other fellow.

Do you crave pleasures for them to share?

So does the other fellow.

Does your heart rejoice when your own are  
glad?

And are you troubled when they are sad?

Well, it's that way, too, in this life, my lad,

That way with the other fellow.

Do you want the best for your own to know?

So does the other fellow.

Do you stoop to kiss them before you go?

So does the other fellow.

When your baby lies on a fevered bed,

Does your heart run cold with a silent dread?

Well, it's that way, too, where all mortals tread—

That way with the other fellow.

Does it hurt when they want what you cannot  
buy?

It does with the other fellow.

Do you for their comfort yourself deny?

So does the other fellow.

Would you wail aloud if your babe should die

For the lack of care you could not supply?

Well, it's that way, too, as he travels by,

That way with the other fellow.

## OUR DUTY TO OUR FLAG

Less hate and greed  
Is what we need  
And more of service true;  
More men to love  
The flag above  
And keep it first in view.

Less boast and brag  
About the flag,  
More faith in what it means;  
More heads erect,  
More self-respect,  
Less talk of war machines.

The time to fight  
To keep it bright  
Is not along the way,  
Nor 'cross the foam,  
But here at home  
Within ourselves — to-day.

'Tis we must love  
That flag above  
With all our might and main;  
For from our hands,  
Not distant lands,  
Shall come dishonor's stain.

If that flag be  
Dishonored, we  
Have done it, not the foe;  
If it shall fall  
We first of all  
Shall be to strike a blow.

## THE HUNTER

Cheek that is tanned to the wind of the north,  
Body that jests at the bite of the cold,  
Limbs that are eager and strong to go forth  
Into the wilds and the ways of the bold;  
Red blood that pulses and throbs in the veins,  
Ears that love silences better than noise;  
Strength of the forest and health of the plains:  
These the rewards that the hunter enjoys.

Forests were ever the cradles of men;  
Manhood is born of a kinship with trees.  
Whence shall come brave hearts and stout  
muscles, when  
Woods have made way for our cities of ease?  
Oh, do you wonder that stalwarts return  
Yearly to hark to the whispering oaks?  
'Tis for the brave days of old that they yearn:  
These are the splendors the hunter invokes.

## IT'S SEPTEMBER

It's September, and the orchards are afire with  
red and gold,  
And the nights with dew are heavy, and the  
morning's sharp with cold;  
Now the garden's at its gayest with the salvia  
blazing red  
And the good old-fashioned asters laughing  
at us from their bed;  
Once again in shoes and stockings are the chil-  
dren's little feet,  
And the dog now does his snoozing on the  
bright side of the street.

It's September, and the cornstalks are as high  
as they will go,  
And the red cheeks of the apples everywhere  
begin to show;  
Now the supper's scarcely over ere the dark-  
ness settles down  
And the moon looms big and yellow at the  
edges of the town;  
Oh, it's good to see the children, when their  
little prayers are said,  
Duck beneath the patchwork covers when they  
tumble into bed.



It's September, and a calmness and a sweetness  
    seem to fall  
Over everything that's living, just as though it  
    hears the call  
Of Old Winter, trudging slowly, with his pack  
    of ice and snow,  
In the distance over yonder, and it somehow  
    seems as though  
Every tiny little blossom wants to look its very  
    best  
When the frost shall bite its petals and it droops  
    away to rest.

It's September! It's the fullness and the ripe-  
    ness of the year;  
All the work of earth is finished, or the final  
    tasks are near,  
But there is no doleful wailing; every living  
    thing that grows,  
For the end that is approaching wears the  
    finest garb it knows.  
And I pray that I may proudly hold my head  
    up high and smile  
When I come to my September in the golden  
    afterwhile.

## HOW DO YOU TACKLE YOUR WORK?

How do you tackle your work each day?

Are you scared of the job you find?

Do you grapple the task that comes your way

With a confident, easy mind?

Do you stand right up to the work ahead

Or fearfully pause to view it?

Do you start to toil with a sense of dread

Or feel that you're going to do it?

You can do as much as you think you can,

But you'll never accomplish more;

If you're afraid of yourself, young man,

There's little for you in store.

For failure comes from the inside first,

It's there if we only knew it,

And you can win, though you face the worst,

If you feel that you're going to do it.

Success! It's found in the soul of you,

And not in the realm of luck!

The world will furnish the work to do,

But you must provide the pluck.

You can do whatever you think you can,

It's all in the way you view it.

It's all in the start that you make, young man:

You must feel that you're going to do it.

How do you tackle your work each day?  
With confidence clear, or dread?  
What to yourself do you stop and say  
When a new task lies ahead?  
What is the thought that is in your mind?  
Is fear ever running through it?  
If so, just tackle the next you find  
By thinking you're going to do it.

## LIFE

Life is a gift to be used every day,  
Not to be smothered and hidden away;  
It isn't a thing to be stored in the chest  
Where you gather your keepsakes and treasure  
your best;  
It isn't a joy to be sipped now and then  
And promptly put back in a dark place again.

Life is a gift that the humblest may boast of  
And one that the humblest may well make the  
most of.  
Get out and live it each hour of the day,  
Wear it and use it as much as you may;  
Don't keep it in niches and corners and grooves,  
You'll find that in service its beauty improves.

## STORY TELLING

Most every night when they're in bed,  
And both their little prayers have said,  
They shout for me to come upstairs  
And tell them tales of grizzly bears,  
And Indians and gypsies bold,  
And eagles with the claws that hold  
A baby's weight, and fairy sprites  
That roam the woods on starry nights.

And I must illustrate these tales,  
Must imitate the northern gales  
That toss the Indian's canoe,  
And show the way he paddles, too.  
If in the story comes a bear,  
I have to pause and sniff the air  
And show the way he climbs the trees  
To steal the honey from the bees.

And then I buzz like angry bees  
And sting him on his nose and knees  
And howl in pain, till mother cries:  
"That pair will never shut their eyes,  
While all that noise up there you make;  
You're simply keeping them awake."  
And then they whisper: "Just one more,"  
And once again I'm forced to roar.

New stories every night they ask,  
And that is not an easy task;  
I have to be so many things,  
The frog that croaks, the lark that sings,  
The cunning fox, the frightened hen;  
But just last night they stumped me, when  
They wanted me to twist and squirm  
And imitate an angle worm.

At last they tumble off to sleep,  
And softly from their room I creep  
And brush and comb the shock of hair  
I tossed about to be a bear.  
Then mother says: "Well, I should say  
You're just as much a child as they."  
But you can bet I'll not resign  
That story telling job of mine.

## CANNING TIME

There's a wondrous smell of spices  
In the kitchen,  
Most bewitchin';  
There are fruits cut into slices  
That just set the palate itchin';  
There's the sound of spoon on platter  
And the rattle and the clatter;  
And a bunch of kids are hastin'  
To the splendid joy of tastin':  
It's the fragrant time of year  
When fruit-cannin' days are here.

There's a good wife gayly smilin'  
And perspirin'  
Some, and tirin';  
And while jar on jar she's pilin'  
And the necks o' them she's wirin'  
I'm a-sittin' here an' dreamin'  
Of the kettles that are steamin',  
And the cares that have been troublin'  
All have vanished in the bubblin'.  
I am happy that I'm here  
At the cannin' time of year.

Lord, I'm sorry for the feller  
That is missin'  
All the hissinn'  
Of the juices, red and yellor,

And can never sit and listen  
To the rattle and the clatter  
Of the sound of spoon on platter.  
I am sorry for the single,  
For they miss the thrill and tingle  
Of the splendid time of year  
When the cannin' days are here.

## THE DULL ROAD

It's the dull road that leads to the gay road;  
The practice that leads to success;  
The work road that leads to the play road;  
It is trouble that breeds happiness.

It's the hard work and merciless grinding  
That purchases glory and fame;  
It's repeatedly doing, nor minding  
The drudgery drear of the game.

It's the passing up glamor or pleasure  
For the sake of the skill we may gain,  
And in giving up comfort or leisure  
For the joy that we hope to attain.

It's the hard road of trying and learning,  
Of toiling, uncheered and alone,  
That wins us the prizes worth earning,  
And leads us to goals we would own.

## THE APPLE TREE

When an apple tree is ready for the world to  
come and eat,

There isn't any structure in the land that's  
"got it beat."

There's nothing man has builded with the  
beauty or the charm

That can touch the simple grandeur of the  
monarch of the farm.

There's never any picture from a human  
being's brush

That has ever caught the redness of a single  
apple's blush.

When an apple tree's in blossom it is glorious  
to see,

But that's just a hint, at springtime, of the  
better things to be;

That is just a fairy promise from the Great  
Magician's wand

Of the wonders and the splendors that are  
waiting just beyond

The distant edge of summer; just a forecast  
of the treat

When the apple tree is ready for the world  
to come and eat.



Architects of splendid vision long have labored  
on the earth,  
And have raised their dreams in marble and  
we've marveled at their worth;  
Long the spires of costly churches have looked  
upward at the sky;  
Rich in promise and in the beauty, they have  
cheered the passer-by.  
But I'm sure there's nothing finer for the eye  
of man to meet  
Than an apple tree that's ready for the world  
to come and eat.

There's the promise of the apples, red and  
gleaming in the sun,  
Like the medals worn by mortals as rewards  
for labors done;  
And the big arms stretched wide open, with a  
welcome warm and true  
In a way that sets you thinking it's intended  
just for you.  
There is nothing with a beauty so entrancing,  
so complete,  
As an apple tree that's ready for the world to  
come and eat.

## THE HOME-TOWN

Some folks leave home for money  
And some leave home for fame,  
Some seek skies always sunny,  
And some depart in shame.  
I care not what the reason  
Men travel east or west,  
Or what the month or season —  
The home-town is the best.

The home-town is the glad town  
Where something real abides;  
'Tis not the money-mad town  
That all its spirit hides.  
Though strangers scoff and flout it  
And even jeer its name,  
It has a charm about it  
No other town can claim.

The home-town skies seem bluer  
Than skies that stretch away.  
The home-town friends seem truer  
And kinder through the day;  
And whether glum or cheery  
Light-hearted or depressed,  
Or struggle-fit or weary,  
I like the home-town best.

Let him who will, go wander  
To distant towns to live,  
Of some things I am fonder  
Than all they have to give.  
The gold of distant places  
Could not repay me quite  
For those familiar faces  
That keep the home-town bright.

### TAKE HOME A SMILE

Take home a smile; forget the petty cares,  
The dull, grim grind of all the day's affairs;  
The day is done, come be yourself awhile:  
To-night, to those who wait, take home a smile.

Take home a smile; don't scatter grief and gloom  
Where laughter and light hearts should always  
bloom;  
What though you've traveled many a dusty mile,  
Footsore and weary, still take home a smile.

Take home a smile — it is not much to do,  
But much it means to them who wait for you;  
You can be brave for such a little while;  
The day of doubt is done — take home a smile

## COURAGE

Courage isn't a brilliant dash,  
A daring deed in a moment's flash;  
It isn't an instantaneous thing  
Born of despair with a sudden spring  
It isn't a creature of flickered hope  
Or the final tug at a slipping rope;  
But it's something deep in the soul of man  
That is working always to serve some plan.

Courage isn't the last resort  
In the work of life or the game of sport;  
It isn't a thing that a man can call  
At some future time when he's apt to fall;  
If he hasn't it now, he will have it not  
When the strain is great and the pace is hot.  
For who would strive for a distant goal  
Must always have courage within his soul.

Courage isn't a dazzling light  
That flashes and passes away from sight;  
It's a slow, unwavering, ingrained trait  
With the patience to work and the strength to  
wait.

It's part of a man when his skies are blue,  
It's part of him when he has work to do.  
The brave man never is freed of it.  
He has it when there is no need of it.

Courage was never designed for show;  
It isn't a thing that can come and go;  
It's written in victory and defeat  
And every trial a man may meet.  
It's part of his hours, his days and his years,  
Back of his smiles and behind his tears.  
Courage is more than a daring deed:  
It's the breath of life and a strong man's creed.

## GREATNESS

We can be great by helping one another;  
We can be loved for very simple deeds:  
Who has the grateful mention of a brother  
Has really all the honor that he needs.

We can be famous for our works of kindness —  
Fame is not born alone of strength or skill;  
It sometimes comes from deafness and from  
blindness  
To petty words and faults, and loving still.

We can be rich in gentle smiles and sunny:  
A jeweled soul exceeds a royal crown.  
The richest men sometimes have little money,  
And Croesus oft's the poorest man in town.

## THE EPICURE

I've sipped a rich man's sparkling wine,  
His silverware I've handled.  
I've placed these battered legs of mine  
'Neath tables gayly candled.  
I dine on rare and costly fare  
Whene'er good fortune lets me,  
But there's no meal that can compare  
With those the missus gets me.

I've had your steaks three inches thick  
With all your Sam Ward trimming,  
I've had the breast of milk-fed chick  
In luscious gravy swimming.  
To dine in swell café or club  
But irritates and frets me;  
Give me the plain and wholesome grub —  
The grub the missus gets me.

Two kiddies smiling at the board,  
The cook right at the table,  
The four of us, a hungry horde,  
To beat that none is able.  
A big meat pie, with flaky crust!  
'Tis then that joy besets me;  
Oh, I could eat until I "bust,"  
Those meals the missus gets me.

## THE GENTLE GARDENER

I'd like to leave but daffodills to mark my little  
way,  
To leave but tulips red and white behind me as  
I stray;  
I'd like to pass away from earth and feel I'd  
left behind  
But roses and forget-me-nots for all who come  
to find.

I'd like to sow the barren spots with all the  
flowers of earth,  
To leave a path where those who come should  
find but gentle mirth;  
And when at last I'm called upon to join the  
heavenly throng  
I'd like to feel along my way I'd left no sign  
of wrong.

And yet the cares are many and the hours of  
toil are few;  
There is not time enough on earth for all I'd  
like to do;  
But, having lived and having toiled, I'd like the  
world to find  
Some little touch of beauty that my soul had  
left behind.

## THE FINEST AGE

When he was only nine months old,  
And plump and round and pink of cheek,  
A joy to tickle and to hold,  
Before he'd even learned to speak,  
His gentle mother used to say:  
"It is too bad that he must grow.  
If I could only have my way  
His baby ways we'd always know."

And then the year was turned, and he  
Began to toddle round the floor  
And name the things that he could see  
And soil the dresses that he wore.  
Then many a night she whispered low:  
"Our baby now is such a joy  
I hate to think that he must grow  
To be a wild and heedless boy."

But on he went and sweeter grew,  
And then his mother, I recall,  
Wished she could keep him always two,  
For that's the finest age of all.  
She thought the selfsame thing at three,  
And now that he is four, she sighs  
To think he cannot always be  
The youngster with the laughing eyes.



Oh, little boy, my wish is not  
Always to keep you four years old.  
Each night I stand beside your cot  
And think of what the years may hold;  
And looking down on you I pray  
That when we've lost our baby small,  
The mother of our man will say  
"This is the finest age of all."

## SUCCESS AND FAILURE

I do not think all failure's undeserved,  
And all success is merely someone's luck;  
Some men are down because they were unnerved,  
And some are up because they kept their pluck.  
Some men are down because they chose to shirk;  
Some men are high because they did their work.

I do not think that all the poor are good,  
That riches are the uniform of shame;  
The beggar might have conquered if he would,  
And that he begs, the world is not to blame.  
Misfortune is not all that comes to mar;  
Most men, themselves, have shaped the things  
they are.

## CARE-FREE YOUTH

The skies are blue and the sun is out and the  
grass is green and soft  
And the old charm's back in the apple tree  
and it calls a boy aloft;  
And the same low voice that the old don't hear,  
but the care-free youngsters do,  
Is calling them to the fields and streams and  
the joys that once I knew.  
And if youth be wild desire for play and care  
is the mark of men,  
Beneath the skin that Time has tanned I'm a  
madcap youngster then.

Far richer than king with his crown of gold and  
his heavy weight of care  
Is the sunburned boy with his stone-bruised feet  
and his tousled shock of hair;  
For the king can hear but the cry of hate or the  
sickly sound of praise,  
And lost to him are the voices sweet that called  
in his boyhood days.  
Far better than ruler, with pomp and power  
and riches, is it to be  
The urchin gay in his tattered clothes that is  
climbing the apple tree.

Oh, once I heard all the calls that come to the  
quick, glad ears of boys,

And a certain spot on the river bank told me of  
its many joys,  
And certain fields and certain trees were loyal  
friends to me,  
And I knew the birds, and I owned a dog, and  
we both could hear and see.  
Oh, never from tongues of men have dropped  
such messages wholly glad  
As the things that live in the great outdoors  
once told to a little lad.

And I'm sorry for him who cannot hear what  
the tall trees have to say,  
Who is deaf to the call of a running stream  
and the lanes that lead to play.  
The boy that shins up the faithful elm or  
sprawls on a river bank  
Is more richly blessed with the joys of life than  
any old man of rank.  
For youth is the golden time of life, and this  
battered old heart of mine  
Beats fast to the march of its old-time joys,  
when the sun begins to shine.

## MY PAW SAID SO

Foxes can talk if you know how to listen,

My Paw said so.

Owls have big eyes that sparkle an' glisten,

My Paw said so.

Bears can turn flip-flaps an' climb ellum trees,

An' steal all the honey away from the bees,

An' they never mind winter becoz they don't  
freeze;

My Paw said so.

Girls is a-scared of a snake, but boys ain't,

My Paw said so.

They holler an' run; an' sometimes they faint,

My Paw said so.

But boys would be 'shamed to be frightened  
that way

When all that the snake wants to do is to play;

You've got to believe every word that I say,

My Paw said so.

Wolves ain't so bad if you treat 'em all right,

My Paw said so.

They're as fond of a game as they are of a fight,

My Paw said so.

An' all of the animals found in the wood

Ain't always ferocious. Most times they are  
good.

The trouble is mostly they're misunderstood,  
My Paw said so.  
You can think what you like, but I stick to it  
when  
My Paw said so.  
An' I'll keep right on sayin', again an' again,  
My Paw said so.  
Maybe foxes don't talk to such people as you,  
An' bears never show you the tricks they can do,  
But I know that the stories I'm tellin' are true,  
My Paw said so.

## LIFE'S TESTS

If never a sorrow came to us, and never a care  
we knew;  
If every hope were realized, and every dream  
came true;  
If only joy were found on earth, and no one  
ever sighed,  
And never a friend proved false to us, and never  
a loved one died,  
And never a burden bore us down, soul-sick and  
weary, too,  
We'd yearn for tests to prove our worth and  
tasks for us to do.

## THE PEACEFUL WARRIORS

Let others sing their songs of war  
And chant their hymns of splendid death,  
Let others praise the soldiers' ways  
And hail the cannon's flaming breath.  
Let others sing of Glory's fields  
Where blood for Victory is paid,  
I choose to sing some simple thing  
To those who wield not gun or blade —  
The peaceful warriors of trade.

Let others choose the deeds of war  
For symbols of our nation's skill,  
The blood-red coat, the rattling throat,  
The regiment that charged the hill,  
The boy who died to serve the flag,  
Who heard the order and obeyed,  
But leave to me the gallantry  
Of those who labor unafraid —  
The peaceful warriors of trade.

Aye, let me sing the splendid deeds  
Of those who toil to serve mankind,  
The men who break old ways and make  
New paths for those who come behind.  
The young who war with customs old  
And face their problems, unafraid,  
Who think and plan to lift for man  
The burden that on him is laid —  
The splendid warriors of trade.

I sing of battles with disease  
And victories o'er death and pain,  
Of ships that fly the summer sky,  
And glorious deeds of strength and brain.  
The call for help that rings through space  
By which a vessel's course is stayed,  
Thrills me far more than fields of gore,  
Or heroes decked in golden braid —  
I sing the warriors of trade.

## FAILURES

'Tis better to have tried in vain,  
Sincerely striving for a goal,  
Than to have lived upon the plain  
An idle and a timid soul.

'Tis better to have fought and spent  
Your courage, missing all applause,  
Than to have lived in smug content  
And never ventured for a cause.

For he who tries and fails may be  
The founder of a better day;  
Though never his the victory,  
From him shall others learn the way.

## RAISIN PIE

There's a heap of pent-up goodness in the yellow  
bantam corn,  
And I sort o' like to linger round a berry patch  
at morn;  
Oh, the Lord has set our table with a stock o'  
things to eat  
An' there's just enough o' bitter in the blend  
to cut the sweet,  
But I run the whole list over, an' it seems  
somehow that I  
Find the keenest sort o' pleasure in a chunk  
o' raisin pie.

There are pies that start the water circulatin' in  
the mouth;  
There are pies that wear the flavor of the warm  
an' sunny south;  
Some with oriental spices spur the drowsy appetite  
An' just fill a fellow's being with a thrill o'  
real delight;  
But for downright solid goodness that comes  
drippin' from the sky  
There is nothing quite the equal of a chunk o'  
raisin pie.

I'm admittin' tastes are diff'runt, I'm not settin'  
up myself



As the judge an' final critic of the good things  
on the shelf.

I'm just sort o' payin' tribute to a simple joy on  
earth,

Sort o' feebly testifyin' to its lasting charm an'  
worth,

An' I'll hold to this conclusion till it comes my  
time to die,

That there's no dessert that's finer than a chunk  
o' raisin pie.

## PREPAREDNESS

Right must not live in idleness,  
Nor dwell in smug content;  
It must be strong, against the throng  
Of foes, on evil bent.

Justice must not a weakling be  
But it must guard its own,  
And live each day, that none can say  
Justice is overthrown.

Peace, the sweet glory of the world,  
Faces a duty, too;  
Death is her fate, leaves she one gate  
For war to enter through.

## THE READY ARTISTS

The green is in the meadow and the blue is in  
the sky,  
And all of Nature's artists have their colors  
handy by;  
With a few days bright with sunshine and a  
few nights free from frost  
They will start to splash their colors quite  
regardless of the cost.  
There's an artist waiting ready at each bleak  
and dismal spot  
To paint the flashing tulip or the meek forget-  
me-not.

May is lurking in the distance and her lap is  
filled with flowers,  
And the choicest of her blossoms very shortly  
will be ours.  
There is not a lane so dreary or a field so dark  
with gloom  
But that soon will be resplendent with its little  
touch of bloom.  
There's an artist keen and eager to make beau-  
tiful each scene  
And remove with colors gorgeous every trace of  
of what has been.

Oh, the world is now in mourning; round about  
us all are spread  
The ruins and the symbols of the winter that  
is dead.  
But the bleak and barren picture very shortly  
now will pass,  
For the halls of life are ready for their velvet  
rugs of grass;  
And the painters now are waiting with their  
magic to replace  
This dullness with a beauty that no mortal hand  
can trace.

The green is in the meadow and the blue is in  
the sky;  
The chill of death is passing, life will shortly  
greet the eye.  
We shall revel soon in colors only Nature's  
artists make  
And the humblest plant that's sleeping unto  
beauty shall awake.  
For there's not a leaf forgotten, not a twig  
neglected there,  
And the tiniest of pansies shall the royal purple  
wear.

## THE HAPPIEST DAYS

You do not know it, little man,  
In your summer coat of tan  
And your legs bereft of hose  
And your peeling, sunburned nose,  
With a stone bruise on your toe,  
Almost limping as you go  
Running on your way to play  
Through another summer day,  
Friend of birds and streams and trees,  
That your happiest days are these.

Little do you think to-day,  
As you hurry to your play,  
That a lot of us, grown old  
In the chase for fame and gold,  
Watch you as you pass along  
Gayly whistling bits of song,  
And in envy sit and dream  
Of a long-neglected stream,  
Where long buried are the joys  
We possessed when we were boys.

Little chap, you cannot guess  
All your sum of happiness;  
Little value do you place  
On your sunburned freckled face;

And if some shrewd fairy came  
Offering sums of gold and fame  
For your summer days of play,  
You would barter them away  
And believe that you had made  
There and then a clever trade.

Time was we were boys like you,  
Bare of foot and sunburned, too,  
And, like you, we never guessed  
All the riches we possessed;  
We'd have traded them back then  
For the hollow joys of men;  
We'd have given them all to be  
Rich and wise and forty-three.  
For life never teaches boys  
Just how precious are their joys.

Youth has fled and we are old.  
Some of us have fame and gold;  
Some of us are sorely scarred,  
For the way of age is hard;  
And we envy, little man,  
You your splendid coat of tan,  
Envy you your treasures rare,  
Hours of joy beyond compare;  
For we know, by teaching stern,  
All that some day you must learn.

## THE REAL BAIT

To gentle ways I am inclined;  
I have no wish to kill.  
To creatures dumb I would be kind;  
I like them all, but still  
Right now I think I'd like to be  
Beside some rippling brook,  
And grab a worm I'd brought with me  
And slip him on a hook.

I'd like to put my hand once more  
Into a rusty can  
And turn those squirmy creatures o'er  
Like nuggets in a pan;  
And for a big one, once again,  
With eager eyes I'd look,  
As did a boy I knew, and then  
Impale it on a hook.

I've had my share of fishing joy,  
I've fished with patent bait,  
With chub and minnow, but the boy  
Is lord of sport's estate.  
And no such pleasure comes to man  
So rare as when he took  
A worm from a tomato can  
And slipped it on a hook.

I'd like to gaze with glowing eyes  
Upon that precious bait,  
To view each fat worm as a prize  
To be accounted great.  
And though I've passed from boyhood's term,  
And opened age's book,  
I still would like to put a worm  
That wriggled on a hook.

## TRUE NOBILITY

Who does his task from day to day  
And meets whatever comes his way,  
Believing God has willed it so,  
Has found real greatness here below.

Who guards his post, no matter where,  
Believing God must need him there,  
Although but lowly toil it be,  
Has risen to nobility.

For great and low there's but one test:  
'Tis that each man shall do his best.  
Who works with all the strength he can  
Shall never die in debt to man.

## THE SULKERS

The world's too busy now to pause  
To listen to a whiner's cause;  
It has no time to stop and pet  
The sulker in a peevish fret,  
Who wails he'll neither work nor play  
Because things haven't gone his way.

The world keeps plodding right along  
And gives its favors right or wrong  
To all who have the grit to work  
Regardless of the fool or shirk.  
The world says this to every man:  
"Go out and do the best you can."

The world's too busy to implore  
The beaten one to try once more;  
'Twill help him if he wants to rise,  
And boost him if he bravely tries,  
And shows determination grim;  
But it won't stop to baby him.

The world is occupied with men  
Who fall but quickly rise again;  
But those who whine because they're hit  
And step aside to sulk a bit  
Are doomed some day to wake and find  
The world has left them far behind.



## PURPOSE

Not for the sake of the gold,  
Not for the sake of the fame,  
Not for the prize would I hold  
Any ambition or aim:  
I would be brave and be true  
Just for the good I can do.

I would be useful on earth,  
Serving some purpose or cause,  
Doing some labor of worth,  
Giving no thought to applause.  
Thinking less of the gold or the fame  
Than the joy and the thrill of the game.

Medals their brightness may lose,  
Fame be forgotten or fade,  
Any reward we may choose  
Leaves the account still unpaid.  
But little real happiness lies  
In fighting alone for a prize.

Give me the thrill of the task,  
The joy of the battle and strife,  
Of being of use, and I'll ask  
No greater reward from this life.  
Better than fame or applause  
Is striving to further a cause.

## MOTHER'S GLASSES

I've told about the times that Ma can't find  
her pocketbook,  
And how we have to hustle round for it to help  
her look,  
But there's another care we know that often  
comes our way,  
I guess it happens easily a dozen times a day.  
It starts when first the postman through the  
door a letter passes,  
And Ma says: "Goodness gracious me! Where-  
ever are my glasses?"

We hunt 'em on the mantelpiece an' by the  
kitchen sink,  
Until Ma says: "Now, children, stop, an' give  
me time to think  
Just when it was I used 'em last an' just  
exactly where.  
Yes, now I know — the dining room. I'm sure  
you'll find 'em there."  
We even look behind the clock, we busy boys  
an' lasses,  
Until somebody runs across Ma's missing pair of  
glasses.

We've found 'em in the Bible, an' we've found  
    'em in the flour,  
We've found 'em in the sugar bowl, an' once  
    we looked an hour  
Before we came across 'em in the padding of  
    her chair;  
An' many a time we've found 'em in the topknot  
    of her hair.  
It's a search that ruins order an' the home com-  
    pletely wrecks,  
For there's no place where you may not find  
    poor Ma's elusive specs.

But we're mighty glad, I tell you, that the  
    duty's ours to do,  
An' we hope to hunt those glasses till our time  
    of life is through;  
It's a little bit of service that is joyous in its  
    thrill,  
It's a task that calls us daily an' we hope it  
    always will.  
Rich or poor, the saddest mortals of all the  
    joyless masses  
Are the ones who have no mother dear to lose  
    her reading glasses.

## THE PRINCESS PAT'S

*Written when the Canadian regiment, known as the "Princess Pat's," left for the front.*

A touch of the plain and the prairie,  
A bit of the Motherland, too;  
A strain of the fur-trapper wary,  
A blend of the old and the new;  
A bit of the pioneer splendor  
That opened the wilderness' flats,  
A touch of the home-lover, tender,  
You'll find in the boys they call Pat's.

The glory and grace of the maple,  
The strength that is born of the wheat,  
The pride of a stock that is staple,  
The bronze of a midsummer heat;  
A blending of wisdom and daring,  
The best of a new land, and that's  
The regiment gallantly bearing  
The neat little title of Pat's.

A bit of the man who has neighbored  
With mountains and forests and streams,  
A touch of the man who has labored  
To model and fashion his dreams;  
The strength of an age of clean living,  
Of right-minded fatherly chats,  
The best that a land could be giving  
Is there in the breasts of the Pat's.

## BE A FRIEND

Be a friend. You don't need money:  
Just a disposition sunny;  
Just the wish to help another  
Get along some way or other;  
Just a kindly hand extended  
Out to one who's unbefriended;  
Just the will to give or lend,  
This will make you someone's friend.

Be a friend. You don't need glory.  
Friendship is a simple story.  
Pass by trifling errors blindly,  
Gaze on honest effort kindly,  
Cheer the youth who's bravely trying,  
Pity him who's sadly sighing;  
Just a little labor spend  
On the duties of a friend.

Be a friend. The pay is bigger  
(Though not written by a figure)  
Than is earned by people clever  
In what's merely self-endeavor.  
You'll have friends instead of neighbors  
For the profits of your labors;  
You'll be richer in the end  
Than a prince, if you're a friend.

## THANKSGIVING

Thankful for the glory of the old Red, White  
and Blue,  
For the spirit of America that still is staunch  
and true,  
For the laughter of our children and the sun-  
light in their eyes,  
And the joy of radiant mothers and their even-  
ing lullabies;  
And thankful that our harvests wear no taint  
of blood to-day,  
But were sown and reaped by toilers who were  
light of heart and gay.

Thankful for the riches that are ours to claim  
and keep,  
The joy of honest labor and the boon of happy  
sleep,  
For each little family circle where there is no  
empty chair  
Save where God has sent the sorrow for the  
loving hearts to bear;  
And thankful for the loyal souls and brave  
hearts of the past  
Who builded that contentment should be with  
us to the last.

Thankful for the plenty that our peaceful land  
has blessed,  
For the rising sun that beckons every man to  
do his best,  
For the goal that lies before him and the promise  
when he sows  
That his hand shall reap the harvest, undisturbed  
by cruel foes;  
For the flaming torch of justice, symbolizing  
as it burns:  
Here none may rob the toiler of the prize he  
fairly earns.

To-day our thanks we're giving for the riches  
that are ours,  
For the red fruits of the orchards and the per-  
fume of the flowers,  
For our homes with laughter ringing and our  
hearthfires blazing bright,  
For our land of peace and plenty and our land  
of truth and right;  
And we're thankful for the glory of the old  
Red, White and Blue,  
For the spirit of our fathers and a manhood  
that is true.

## MA AND HER CHECK BOOK

Ma has a dandy little book that's full of narrow  
slips,

An' when she wants to pay a bill a page from  
it she rips;

She just writes in the dollars and the cents and  
signs her name

An' that's as good as money, though it doesn't  
look the same.

When she wants another bonnet or some  
feathers for her neck,

She promptly goes an' gets 'em, an' she writes  
another check.

I don't just understand it, but I know she  
sputters when

Pa says to her at supper: "Well! You're  
overdrawn again!"

Ma's not a business woman, she is much too  
kind of heart

To squabble over pennies or to play a selfish  
part,

An' when someone asks for money, she's not  
one to stop an' think

Of a little piece of paper an' the cost of pen  
an' ink.



She just tells him very sweetly if he'll only  
wait a bit

An' be seated in the parlor, she will write a  
check for it.

She can write one out for twenty just as easily  
as ten,

An' forgets that Pa may grumble: "Well,  
you're overdrawn again!"

Pa says it looks as though he'll have to start in  
workin' nights

To gather in the money for the checks that  
mother writes.

He says that every morning when he's sum-  
moned to the phone,

He's afraid the bank is calling to make mother's  
shortage known.

He tells his friends if ever anything our fortune  
wrecks

They can trace it to the moment mother started  
writing checks.

He's got so that he trembles when he sees her  
fountain pen

An' he mutters: "Do be careful! You'll be  
overdrawn again!"

## THE FISHING CURE

There's nothing that builds up a toil-weary soul  
Like a day on a stream,  
Back on the banks of the old fishing hole  
Where a fellow can dream.  
There's nothing so good for a man as to flee  
From the city and lie  
Full length in the shade of a whispering tree  
And gaze at the sky.

Out there where the strife and the greed are  
forgot  
And the struggle for pelf,  
A man can get rid of each taint and each spot  
And clean up himself;  
He can be what he wanted to be when a boy,  
If only in dreams;  
And revel once more in the depths of a joy  
That's as real as it seems.

The things that he hates never follow him  
there —  
The jar of the street,  
The rivalries petty, the struggling unfair —  
For the open is sweet.  
In purity's realm he can rest and be clean,  
Be he humble or great,  
And as peaceful his soul may become as the  
scene  
That his eyes contemplate.

It is good for the world that men hunger to go  
To the banks of a stream,  
And weary of sham and of pomp and of show  
They have somewhere to dream.  
For this life would be dreary and sordid and base  
Did they not now and then  
Seek refreshment and calm in God's wide, open  
space  
And come back to be men.

### THE HAPPY SLOW THINKER

Full many a time a thought has come  
That had a bitter meaning in it.  
And in the conversation's hum  
I lost it ere I could begin it.

I've had it on my tongue to spring  
Some poisoned quip that I thought clever;  
Then something happened and the sting  
Unuttered went, and died forever.

A lot of bitter thoughts I've had  
To silence fellows and to flay 'em,  
But next day always I've been glad  
I wasn't quick enough to say 'em.

## OUT-OF-DOORS

The kids are out-of-doors once more;  
The heavy leggins that they wore,  
The winter caps that covered ears  
Are put away, and no more tears  
Are shed because they cannot go  
Until they're bundled up just so.  
No more she wonders when they're gone  
If they have put their rubbers on;  
No longer are they hourly told  
To guard themselves against a cold;  
Bareheaded now they romp and run  
Warmed only by the kindly sun.

She's put their heavy clothes away  
And turned the children out to play,  
And all the morning long they race  
Like madcaps round about the place.  
The robins on the fences sing  
A gayer song of welcoming,  
And seem as though they had a share  
In all the fun they're having there.  
The wrens and sparrows twitter, too,  
A louder and a noisier crew,  
As though it pleased them all to see  
The youngsters out of doors and free.

Outdoors they scamper to their play  
With merry din the livelong day,  
And hungrily they jostle in  
The favor of the maid to win;  
Then, armed with cookies or with cake,  
Their way into the yard they make,  
And every feathered playmate comes  
To gather up his share of crumbs.  
The finest garden that I know  
Is one where little children grow,  
Where cheeks turn brown and eyes are bright,  
And all is laughter and delight.

Oh, you may brag of gardens fine,  
But let the children race in mine;  
And let the roses, white and red,  
Make gay the ground whereon they tread.  
And who for bloom perfection seeks,  
Should mark the color on their cheeks;  
No music that the robin spouts  
Is equal to their merry shouts;  
There is no foliage to compare  
With youngsters' sun-kissed, tousled hair:  
Spring's greatest joy beyond a doubt  
Is when it brings the children out.

## REAL SINGING

You can talk about your music, and your  
operatic airs,  
And your phonographic record that Caruso's  
tenor bears;  
But there isn't any music that such wondrous  
joy can bring  
Like the concert when the kiddies and their  
mother start to sing.

When the supper time is over, then the mother  
starts to play  
Some simple little ditty, and our concert's under  
way.  
And I'm happier and richer than a millionaire  
or king  
When I listen to the kiddies and their mother  
as they sing.

There's a sweetness most appealing in the trill-  
ing of their notes:  
It is innocence that's pouring from their little  
baby throats;  
And I gaze at them enraptured, for my joy's  
a real thing  
Every evening when the kiddies and their mother  
start to sing.

## THE BUMPS AND BRUISES DOCTOR

I'm the bumps and bruises doctor;  
I'm the expert that they seek  
When their rough and tumble playing  
Leaves a scar on leg or cheek.  
I'm the rapid, certain curer  
For the wounds of every fall;  
I'm the pain eradicator;  
I can always heal them all.

Bumps on little people's foreheads  
I can quickly smooth away;  
I take splinters out of fingers  
Without very much delay.  
Little sorrows I can banish  
With the magic of my touch;  
I can fix a bruise that's dreadful  
So it isn't hurting much.

I'm the bumps and bruises doctor,  
And I answer every call,  
And my fee is very simple,  
Just a kiss, and that is all.  
And I'm sitting here and wishing  
In the years that are to be,  
When they face life's real troubles  
That they'll bring them all to me.

## WHEN PA COUNTS

Pa's not so very big or brave; he can't lift  
weights like Uncle Jim;

His hands are soft like little girls'; most anyone  
could wallop him.

Ma weighs a whole lot more than Pa. When  
they go swimming, she could stay

Out in the river all day long, but Pa gets frozen  
right away.

But when the thunder starts to roll, an' lightnin'  
spits, Ma says, "Oh, dear,

I'm sure we'll all of us be killed. I only wish  
your Pa was here."

Pa's cheeks are thin an' kinder pale; he couldn't  
rough it worth a cent.

He couldn't stand the hike we had the day the  
Boy Scouts camping went.

He has to hire a man to dig the garden, coz his  
back gets lame,

An' he'd be crippled for a week, if he should  
play a baseball game.

But when a thunder storm comes up, Ma sits an'  
shivers in the gloam

An' every time the thunder rolls, she says: "I  
wish your Pa was home."



I don't know just what Pa could do if he were  
home, he seems so frail,  
But every time the skies grow black I notice Ma  
gets rather pale.  
An' when she's called us children in, an' locked  
the windows an' the doors,  
She jumps at every lightnin' flash an' trembles  
when the thunder roars.  
An' when the baby starts to cry, she wrings her  
hands an' says: "Oh, dear!  
It's terrible! It's terrible! I only wish your  
Pa was here."

## PEACE

A man must earn his hour of peace,  
Must pay for it with hours of strife and care,  
Must win by toil the evening's sweet release,  
The rest that may be portioned for his share;  
The idler never knows it, never can.  
Peace is the glory ever of a man.

A man must win contentment for his soul,  
Must battle for it bravely day by day;  
The peace he seeks is not a near-by goal;  
To claim it he must tread a rugged way.  
The shirker never knows a tranquil breast;  
Peace but rewards the man who does his best.

## NO PLACE TO GO

The happiest nights  
I ever know  
Are those when I've  
No place to go,  
And the missus says  
When the day is through:  
"To-night we haven't  
A thing to do."

Oh, the joy of it,  
And the peace untold  
Of sitting 'round  
In my slippers old,  
With my pipe and book  
In my easy chair,  
Knowing I needn't  
Go anywhere.

Needn't hurry  
My evening meal  
Nor force the smiles  
That I do not feel,  
But can grab a book  
From a near-by shelf,  
And drop all sham  
And be myself.

Oh, the charm of it  
And the comfort rare;  
Nothing on earth  
With it can compare;  
And I'm sorry for him  
Who doesn't know  
The joy of having  
No place to go.

## DEFEAT

No one is beat till he quits,  
No one is through till he stops,  
No matter how hard Failure hits,  
No matter how often he drops,  
A fellow's not down till he lies  
In the dust and refuses to rise.

Fate can slam him and bang him around,  
And batter his frame till he's sore,  
But she never can say that he's downed  
While he bobs up serenely for more.  
A fellow's not dead till he dies,  
Nor beat till no longer he tries.

## A PATRIOTIC WISH

I'd like to be the sort of man the flag could  
boast about;

I'd like to be the sort of man it cannot live  
without;

I'd like to be the type of man

That really is American:

The head-erect and shoulders-square,

Clean-minded fellow, just and fair,

That all men picture when they see

The glorious banner of the free.

I'd like to be the sort of man the flag now  
typifies,

The kind of man we really want the flag to  
symbolize;

The loyal brother to a trust,

The big, unselfish soul and just,

The friend of every man oppressed,

The strong support of all that's best,

The sturdy chap the banner's meant,

Where'er it flies, to represent.

I'd like to be the sort of man the flag's supposed  
to mean,

The man that all in fancy see wherever it is  
seen,

The chap that's ready for a fight

Whenever there's a wrong to right,

The friend in every time of need,  
The doer of the daring deed,  
The clean and generous handed man  
That is a real American.

## THE PRICE OF JOY

You don't begrudge the labor when the roses  
start to bloom;  
You don't recall the dreary days that won you  
their perfume;  
You don't recall a single care  
You spent upon the garden there;  
And all the toil  
Of tilling soil  
Is quite forgot the day the first  
Pink rosebuds into beauty burst.

You don't begrudge the trials grim when joy  
has come to you;  
You don't recall the dreary days when all your  
skies are blue;  
And though you've trod a weary mile  
The ache of it was all worth while;  
And all the stings  
And bitter flings  
Are wiped away upon the day  
Success comes dancing down the way.

## THE THINGS THAT MAKE A SOLDIER GREAT

The things that make a soldier great and send  
him out to die,  
To face the flaming cannon's mouth nor ever  
question why,  
Are lilacs by a little porch, the row of tulips  
red,  
The peonies and pansies, too, the old petunia bed,  
The grass plot where his children play, the roses  
on the wall:  
'Tis these that make a soldier great. He's fighting  
for them all.

'Tis not the pomp and pride of kings that make  
a soldier brave;  
'Tis not allegiance to the flag that over him may  
wave;  
For soldiers never fight so well on land or on  
the foam  
As when behind the cause they see the little  
place called home.  
Endanger but that humble street whereon his  
children run,  
You make a soldier of the man who never bore  
a gun.

What is it through the battle smoke the valiant  
soldier sees?

The little garden far away, the budding apple  
trees,

The little patch of ground back there, the chil-  
dren at their play,

Perhaps a tiny mound behind the simple church  
of gray.

The golden thread of courage isn't linked to  
castle dome

But to the spot, where'er it be — the humble spot  
called home.

And now the lilacs bud again and all is lovely  
there

And homesick soldiers far away know spring  
is in the air;

The tulips come to bloom again, the grass  
once more is green,

And every man can see the spot where all his  
joys have been.

He sees his children smile at him, he hears the  
bugle call,

And only death can stop him now — he's fight-  
ing for them all.

## THE JOY OF A DOG

Ma says no, it's too much care  
An' it will scatter germs an' hair,  
An' it's a nuisance through and through.  
An' barks when you don't want it to;  
An' carries dirt from off the street,  
An' tracks the carpets with its feet.  
But it's a sign he's growin' up  
When he is longin' for a pup.

Most every night he comes to me  
An' climbs a-straddle of my knee  
An' starts to fondle me an' pet,  
Then asks me if I've found one yet.  
An' ma says: "Now don't tell him yes;  
You know they make an awful mess,"  
An' starts their faults to catalogue.  
But every boy should have a dog.

An' some night when he comes to me,  
Deep in my pocket there will be  
The pup he's hungry to possess  
Or else I sadly miss my guess.  
For I remember all the joy  
A dog meant to a little boy  
Who loved it in the long ago,  
The joy that's now his right to know.



## HOMESICK

It's tough when you are homesick in a strange  
and distant place;

It's anguish when you're hungry for an old-  
familiar face.

And yearning for the good folks and the joys  
you used to know,

When you're miles away from friendship, is a  
bitter sort of woe.

But it's tougher, let me tell you, and a stiffer  
discipline

To see them through the window, and to know  
you can't go in.

Oh, I never knew the meaning of that red sign  
on the door,

Never really understood it, never thought of it  
before;

But I'll never see another since they've tacked  
one up on mine

But I'll think about the father that is barred  
from all that's fine.

And I'll think about the mother who is prisoner  
in there

So her little son or daughter shall not miss a  
mother's care.

And I'll share a fellow feeling with the saddest  
of my kin,

The dad beside the gateway of the home he  
can't go in.

Oh, we laugh and joke together and the mother  
tries to be  
Brave and sunny in her prison, and she thinks  
she's fooling me;  
And I do my bravest smiling and I feign a  
merry air  
In the hope she won't discover that I'm bur-  
dened down with care.  
But it's only empty laughter, and there's nothing  
in the grin  
When you're talking through the window of the  
home you can't go in.

### THE PERFECT DINNER TABLE

A table cloth that's slightly soiled  
Where greasy little hands have toiled;  
The napkins kept in silver rings,  
And only ordinary things  
From which to eat, a simple fare,  
And just the wife and kiddies there,  
And while I serve, the clatter glad  
Of little girl and little lad  
Who have so very much to say  
About the happenings of the day.

Four big round eyes that dance with glee,  
Forever flashing joys at me,  
Two little tongues that race and run  
To tell of troubles and of fun;

The mother with a patient smile  
Who knows that she must wait awhile  
Before she'll get a chance to say  
What she's discovered through the day.  
She steps aside for girl and lad  
Who have so much to tell their dad.

Our manners may not be the best ;  
Perhaps our elbows often rest  
Upon the table, and at times  
That very worst of dinner crimes,  
That very shameful act and rude  
Of speaking ere you've downed your food,  
Too frequently, I fear, is done,  
So fast the little voices run.  
Yet why should table manners stay  
Those tongues that have so much to say?

At many a table I have been  
Where wealth and luxury were seen,  
And I have dined in halls of pride  
Where all the guests were dignified ;  
But when it comes to pleasure rare  
The perfect dinner table's where  
No stranger's face is ever known :  
The dinner hour we spend alone,  
When little girl and little lad  
Run riot telling things to dad,

## TO-MORROW

He was going to be all that a mortal should be  
To-morrow.

No one should be kinder or braver than he  
To-morrow.

A friend who was troubled and weary he knew,  
Who'd be glad of a lift and who needed it, too;  
On him he would call and see what he could do  
To-morrow.

Each morning he stacked up the letters he'd  
write  
To-morrow.

And thought of the folks he would fill with  
delight  
To-morrow.

It was too bad, indeed, he was busy to-day,  
And hadn't a minute to stop on his way;  
More time he would have to give others, he'd  
say,  
To-morrow.

The greatest of workers this man would have  
been  
To-morrow.

The world would have known him, had he ever  
seen  
To-morrow.

But the fact is he died and he faded from view,  
And all that he left here when living was  
through  
Was a mountain of things he intended to do  
To-morrow.

## A PRAYER

God grant me kindly thought  
And patience through the day,  
And in the things I've wrought  
Let no man living say  
That hate's grim mark has stained  
What little joy I've gained.

God keep my nature sweet,  
Teach me to bear a blow,  
Disaster and defeat,  
And no resentment show.  
If failure must be mine  
Sustain this soul of mine.

God grant me strength to face  
Undaunted day or night;  
To stoop to no disgrace  
To win my little fight;  
Let me be, when it is o'er,  
As manly as before.

## TO THE LADY IN THE ELECTRIC

Lady in the show case carriage,  
Do not think that I'm a bear;  
Not for worlds would I disparage  
One so gracious and so fair;  
Do not think that I am blind to  
One who has a smile seraphic;  
You I'd never be unkind to,  
But you are impeding traffic.

If I had some way of knowing  
What you are about to do,  
Just exactly where you're going,  
If I could depend on you,  
I could keep my engine churning,  
Travel on and never mind you.  
Lady, when you think of turning,  
Why not signal us behind you?

Lady, free from care and worry,  
Riding in your plate-glass car,  
Some of us are in a hurry;  
Some of us must travel far.  
I, myself, am eager, very,  
To be journeying on my way;  
Lady, is it necessary  
To monopolize the highway?

Lady, at the handle, steering,  
Why not keep a course that's straight?  
Know you not that wildly veering  
As you do, is tempting fate?  
Do not think my horn I'm blowing  
Just on purpose to harass you,  
It is just a signal showing  
That I'd safely like to pass you.

Lady, there are times a duty  
Must be done, however saddening;  
It is hard to tell a beauty  
That she's very often maddening.  
And I would not now be saying  
Harsh and cruel words to fuss you,  
But when traffic you're delaying  
You are forcing men to cuss you.

## THE MAN WHO COULDN'T SAVE

He spent what he made, or he gave it away,  
Tried to save money, and would for a day,  
Started a bank-account time an' again,  
Got a hundred or so for a nest egg, an' then  
Some fellow that needed it more than he did,  
Who was down on his luck, with a sick wife  
or kid,  
Came along an' he wasted no time till he went  
An' drew out the coin that for saving was  
meant.

They say he died poor, and I guess that is so:  
To pile up a fortune he hadn't a show;  
He worked all the time and good money he made,  
Was known as an excellent man at his trade,  
But he saw too much, heard too much, felt too  
much here  
To save anything by the end of the year,  
An' the shabbiest wreck the Lord ever let live  
Could get money from him if he had it to give.

I've seen him slip dimes to the bums on the street  
Who told him they hungered for something to  
eat,  
An' though I remarked they were going for  
drink  
He'd say: "Mebbe so. But I'd just hate to  
think



That fellow was hungry an' I'd passed him by;  
I'd rather be fooled twenty times by a lie  
Than wonder if one of 'em I wouldn't feed  
Had told me the truth an' was really in need."

Never stinted his family out of a thing:  
They had everything that his money could bring;  
Said he'd rather be broke and just know they  
    were glad,  
Than rich, with them pining an' wishing they had  
Some of the pleasures his money would buy;  
Said he never could look a bank book in the eye  
If he knew it had grown on the pleasures and  
    joys  
That he'd robbed from his wife and his girls  
    and his boys.

Queer sort of notion he had, I confess,  
Yet many a rich man on earth is mourned less.  
All who had known him came back to his side  
To honor his name on the day that he died.  
Didn't leave much in the bank, it is true,  
But did leave a fortune in people who knew  
The big heart of him, an' I'm willing to swear  
That to-day he is one of the richest up there.

## ANSWERING HIM

“ When shall I be a man? ” he said,  
As I was putting him to bed.  
“ How many years will have to be  
Before Time makes a man of me?  
And will I be a man when I  
Am grown up big? ” I heaved a sigh,  
Because it called for careful thought  
To give the answer that he sought.

And so I sat him on my knee,  
And said to him: “ A man you’ll be  
When you have learned that honor brings  
More joy than all the crowns of kings;  
That it is better to be true  
To all who know and trust in you  
Than all the gold of earth to gain  
If winning it shall leave a stain.

“ When you can fight for victory sweet,  
Yet bravely swallow down defeat,  
And cling to hope and keep the right,  
Nor use deceit instead of might;  
When you are kind and brave and clean,  
And fair to all and never mean;  
When there **is** good in all you plan,  
That day, my boy, you’ll be a man.

“ Some of us learn this truth too late ;  
That years alone can't make us great ;  
That many who are three-score, ten  
Have fallen short of being men,  
Because in selfishness they fought  
And toiled without refining thought ;  
And whether wrong or whether right  
They lived but for their own delight.

“ When you have learned that you must hold  
Your honor dearer far than gold ;  
That no ill-gotten wealth or fame  
Can pay you for your tarnished name ;  
And when in all you say or do  
Of others you're considerate, too,  
Content to do the best you can  
By such a creed, you'll be a man.”

## FATHER AND SON

Be more than his dad,  
Be a chum to the lad;  
Be a part of his life  
Every hour of the day;  
Find time to talk with him,  
Take time to walk with him,  
Share in his studies  
And share in his play;  
Take him to places,  
To ball games and races,  
Teach him the things  
That you want him to know;  
Don't live apart from him,  
Don't keep your heart from him,  
Be his best comrade,  
He's needing you so!

Never neglect him,  
Though young, still respect him,  
Hear his opinions  
With patience and pride;  
Show him his error,  
But be not a terror,  
Grim-visaged and fearful,  
When he's at your side.

Know what his thoughts are,  
Know what his sports are,  
Know all his playmates,  
It's easy to learn to;  
Be such a father  
That when troubles gather  
You'll be the first one  
For counsel, he'll turn to.

You can inspire him  
With courage, and fire him  
Hot with ambition  
For deeds that are good;  
He'll not betray you  
Nor illy repay you,  
If you have taught him  
The things that you should.  
Father and son  
Must in all things be one —  
Partners in trouble  
And comrades in joy.  
More than a dad  
Was the best pal you had;  
Be such a chum  
As you knew, to your boy.

## THE JUNE COUPLE

She is fair to see and sweet,  
Dainty from her head to feet,  
Modest, as her blushing shows,  
Happy, as her smiles disclose,  
And the young man at her side  
Nervously attempts to hide  
Underneath a visage grim  
That the fuss is bothering him.

Pause a moment, happy 'pair!  
This is not the station where  
Romance ends, and wooing stops  
And the charm from courtship drops;  
This is but the outward gate  
Where the souls of mortals mate,  
But the border of the land  
You must travel hand in hand.

You who come to marriage, bring  
All your tenderness, and cling  
Steadfastly to all the ways  
That have marked your wooing days.  
You are only starting out  
On life's roadways, hedged about  
Thick with roses and with tares,  
Sweet delights and bitter cares.

Heretofore you've only played  
At love's game, young man and maid;  
Only known it at its best;  
Now you'll have to face its test.  
You must prove your love worth while,  
Something time cannot defile,  
Something neither care nor pain  
Can destroy or mar or stain.

You are now about to show  
Whether love is real or no;  
Yonder down the lane of life  
You will find, as man and wife,  
Sorrows, disappointments, doubt,  
Hope will almost flicker out;  
But if rightly you are wed  
Love will linger where you tread.

There are joys that you will share,  
Joys to balance every care;  
Arm in arm remain, and you  
Will not fear the storms that brew,  
If when you are sorest tried  
You face your trials, side by side.  
Now your wooing days are done,  
And your loving years begun.

## AT THE DOOR

He wiped his shoes before his door,  
But ere he entered he did more:  
'Twas not enough to cleanse his feet  
Of dirt they'd gathered in the street;  
He stood and dusted off his mind  
And left all trace of care behind.  
"In here I will not take," said he,  
"The stains the day has brought to me.

"Beyond this door shall never go  
The burdens that are mine to know;  
The day is done, and here I leave  
The petty things that vex and grieve;  
What clings to me of hate and sin  
To them I will not carry in;  
Only the good shall go with me  
For their devoted eyes to see.

"I will not burden them with cares,  
Nor track the home with grim affairs;  
I will not at my table sit  
With soul unclean, and mind unfit;  
Beyond this door I will not take  
The outward signs of inward ache;  
I will not take a dreary mind  
Into this house for them to find."

He wiped his shoes before his door,  
But paused to do a little more.



He dusted off the stains of strife,  
The mud that's incident to life,  
The blemishes of careless thought,  
The traces of the fight he'd fought,  
The selfish humors and the mean,  
And when he entered he was clean.

## DUTY

To do your little bit of toil,  
To play life's game with head erect;  
To stoop to nothing that would soil  
Your honor or your self-respect;  
To win what gold and fame you can,  
But first of all to be a man.

To know the bitter and the sweet,  
The sunshine and the days of rain;  
To meet both victory and defeat,  
Nor boast too loudly nor complain;  
To face whatever fates befall  
And be a man throughout it all.

To seek success in honest strife,  
But not to value it so much  
That, winning it, you go through life  
Stained by dishonor's scarlet touch.  
What goal or dream you choose, pursue,  
But be a man whate'er you do!

## A BEAR STORY

There was a bear — his name was Jim,  
An' children weren't askeered of him,  
An' he lived in a cave, where he  
Was confortubbul as could be,  
An' in that cave, so my Pa said,  
Jim always kept a stock of bread  
An' honey, so that he could treat  
The boys an' girls along his street.

An' all that Jim could say was "Woof!"  
An' give a grunt that went like "Soof!"  
An' Pa says when his grunt went off  
It sounded jus' like Grandpa's cough,  
Or like our Jerry when he's mad  
An' growls at peddler men that's bad.  
While grown-ups were afraid of Jim,  
Kids could do anything with him.

One day a little boy like me  
That had a sister Marjorie,  
Was walking through the woods, an' they  
Heard something "woofing" down that way,  
An' they was scared an' stood stock still  
An' wished they had a gun to kill  
Whatever 'twas, but little boys  
Don't have no guns that make a noise.

An' soon the "woofing" closer grew,  
An' then a bear came into view,  
The biggest bear you ever saw —  
Ma's muff was smaller than his paw.  
He saw the children an' he said:  
"I ain't a-goin' to kill you dead;  
You needn't turn away an' run;  
I'm only scarin' you for fun."

An' then he stood up just like those  
Big bears in circuses an' shows,  
An' danced a jig, an' rolled about  
An' said "Woof! Woof!" which meant "Look  
out!"

An' turned a somersault as slick  
As any boy can do the trick.  
Those children had been told of Jim  
An' they decided it was him.

They stroked his nose when they got brave,  
An' followed him into his cave,  
An' Jim asked them if they liked honey,  
They said they did. Said Jim: "That's funny.  
I've asked a thousand boys or so  
That question, an' not one's said no."  
What happened then I cannot say  
'Cause next I knew 'twas light as day.

## AUTUMN AT THE ORCHARD

The sumac's flaming scarlet on the edges o' the  
lake,  
An' the pear trees are invitin' everyone t' come  
an' shake.  
Now the gorgeous tints of autumn are appearin'  
everywhere  
Till it seems that you can almost see the Master  
Painter there.  
There's a solemn sort o' stillness that's pervadin'  
every thing,  
Save the farewell songs to summer that the  
feathered tenors sing,  
An' you quite forget the city where disgruntled  
folks are kickin'  
Off yonder with the Pelletiers, when spies are  
ripe fer pickin'.  
The Holsteins are a-posin' in a clearin' near a  
wood,  
Very dignified an' stately, just as though they  
understood  
That they're lending to life's pictures just the  
touch the Master needs,  
An' they're preachin' more refinement than a lot  
o' printed creeds.  
The orchard's fairly groanin' with the gifts o'  
God to man,  
Just as though they meant to shame us who  
have doubted once His plan.

Oh, there's somethin' most inspirin' to a soul in  
    need o' prickin'  
Off yonder with the Pelletiers when spies are  
    ripe fer pickin'.

The frisky little Shetlands now are growin'  
    shaggy coats  
An' acquirin' silken mufflers of their own to  
    guard their throats;  
An' a Russian wolf-hound puppy left its mother  
    yesterday,  
An' a tinge o' sorrow touched us as we saw it  
    go away.  
For the sight was full o' meanin', an' we knew,  
    when it had gone,  
'Twas a symbol of the partin's that the years are  
    bringin' on.  
Oh, a feller must be better — to his faith he can't  
    help stickin'  
Off yonder with the Pelletiers when spies are ripe  
    fer pickin'.

The year is almost over, now at dusk the valleys  
    glow  
With the misty mantle chillin', that is hangin'  
    very low.  
An' each mornin' sees the maples just a little  
    redder turned  
Than they were the night we left 'em, an' the  
    elms are browner burned.

An' a feller can't help feelin', an' I don't care  
who it is,  
That the mind that works such wonders has a  
greater power than his.  
Oh, I know that I'll remember till life's last few  
sparks are flickin'  
The lessons out at Pelletiers when spies were ripe  
for pickin'.

### WHEN PA COMES HOME

When Pa comes home, I'm at the door,  
An' then he grabs me off the floor  
An' throws me up an' catches me  
When I come down, an' then, says he:  
"Well, how'd you get along to-day?  
An' were you good, an' did you play,  
An' keep right out of mamma's way?  
An' how'd you get that awful bump  
Above your eye? My, what a lump!  
An' who spilled jelly on your shirt?  
An' where'd you ever find the dirt  
That's on your hands? And my! Oh, my!  
I guess those eyes have had a cry,  
They look so red. What was it, pray?  
What has been happening here to-day?"

An' then he drops his coat an' hat  
Upon a chair, an' says: "What's that?"

Who knocked that engine on its back  
An' stepped upon that piece of track?"  
An' then he takes me on his knee  
An' says: "What's this that now I see?  
Whatever can the matter be?"  
Who strewed those toys upon the floor,  
An' left those things behind the door?  
Who upset all those parlor chairs  
An' threw those blocks upon the stairs?  
I guess a cyclone called to-day  
While I was workin' far away.  
Who was it worried mamma so?  
It can't be anyone I know."

An' then I laugh an' say: "It's me!  
Me did most ever'thing you see.  
Me got this bump the time me tripped.  
An' here is where the jelly slipped  
Right off my bread upon my shirt,  
An' when me tumbled down it hurt.  
That's how me got all over dirt.  
Me threw those building blocks downstairs,  
An' me upset the parlor chairs,  
Coz when you're playin' train you've got  
To move things 'round an awful lot."  
An' then my Pa he kisses me  
An' bounces me upon his knee  
An' says: "Well, well, my little lad,  
What glorious fun you must have had!"

## MOTHER'S DAY

Gentle hands that never weary toiling in love's  
vineyard sweet,  
Eyes that seem forever cheery when our eyes  
they chance to meet,  
Tender, patient, brave, devoted, this is always  
mother's way.  
Could her worth in gold be quoted as you think  
of her to-day?

There shall never be another quite so tender,  
quite so kind  
As the patient little mother; nowhere on this  
earth you'll find  
Her affection duplicated; none so proud if you  
are fine.  
Could her worth be overstated? Not by any  
words of mine.

Death stood near the hour she bore us, agony  
was hers to know,  
Yet she bravely faced it for us, smiling in her  
time of woe;  
Down the years how oft we've tried her, often  
selfish, heedless, blind,  
Yet with love alone to guide her she was never  
once unkind.



Vain are all our tributes to her if in words  
alone they dwell.  
We must live the praises due her; there's no  
other way to tell  
Gentle mother that we love her. Would you say,  
as you recall  
All the patient service of her, you've been  
worthy of it all?

## DIVISION

You cannot gather every rose,  
Nor every pleasure claim,  
Nor bask in every breeze that blows,  
Nor play in every game.

No millionaire could ever own  
The world's supply of pearls,  
And no man here has ever known  
All of the pretty girls.

So take what joy may come your way,  
And envy not your brothers;  
Enjoy your share of fun each day,  
And leave the rest for others.

## A MAN

A man doesn't whine at his losses.  
A man doesn't whimper and fret,  
Or rail at the weight of his crosses  
And ask life to rear him a pet.  
A man doesn't grudgingly labor  
Or look upon toil as a blight;  
A man doesn't sneer at his neighbor  
Or sneak from a cause that is right.

A man doesn't sulk when another  
Succeeds where his efforts have failed;  
Doesn't keep all his praise for the brother  
Whose glory is publicly hailed;  
And pass by the weak and the humble  
As though they were not of his clay;  
A man doesn't ceaselessly grumble  
When things are not going his way.

A man looks on woman as tender  
And gentle, and stands at her side  
At all times to guard and defend her,  
And never to scorn or deride.  
A man looks on life as a mission.  
To serve, just so far as he can;  
A man holds his noblest ambition  
On earth is to live as a man.

## A VOW

I might not ever scale the mountain heights  
Where all the great men stand in glory now;  
I may not ever gain the world's delights  
Or win a wreath of laurel for my brow;  
I may not gain the victories that men  
Are fighting for, nor do a thing to boast of;  
I may not get a fortune here, but then,  
The little that I have I'll make the most of.

I'll make my little home a palace fine,  
My little patch of green a garden fair,  
And I shall know each humble plant and vine  
As rich men know their orchid blossoms rare.  
My little home may not be much to see;  
Its chimneys may not tower far above;  
But it will be a mansion great to me,  
For in its walls I'll keep a hoard of love.

I will not pass my modest pleasures by  
To grasp at shadows of more splendid things,  
Disdaining what of joyousness is nigh  
Because I am denied the joy of kings.  
But I will laugh and sing my way along,  
I'll make the most of what is mine to-day,  
And if I never rise above the throng,  
I shall have lived a full life anyway.

## TREASURES

Some folks I know, when friends drop in  
To visit for awhile and chin,  
Just lead them round the rooms and halls  
And show them pictures on their walls,  
And point to rugs and tapestries  
The works of men across the seas:  
Their loving cups they show with pride,  
To eyes that soon are stretching wide  
With wonder at the treasures rare  
That have been bought and gathered there.

But when folks come to call on me,  
I've no such things for them to see.  
No picture on my walls is great;  
I have no ancient family plate;  
No tapestry of rare design  
Or costly woven rugs are mine;  
I have no loving cup to show,  
Or strange and valued curio;  
But if my treasures they would see,  
I bid them softly follow me.

And then I lead them up the stairs  
Through trains of cars and Teddy bears,  
And to a little room we creep  
Where both my youngsters lie asleep,  
Close locked in one another's arms.  
I let them gaze upon their charms,

I let them see the legs of brown  
Curled up beneath a sleeping gown,  
And whisper in my happiness:  
"Behold the treasures I possess."

## CHALLENGE

Life is a challenge to the bold,  
It flings its gauntlet down  
And bids us, if we seek for gold  
And glory and renown,  
To come and *take* them from its store,  
It will not meekly hand them o'er.

Life is a challenge all must meet,  
And nobly must we dare;  
Its gold is tawdry when we cheat,  
Its fame a bitter snare  
If it be stolen from life's clutch;  
Men must be true to prosper much.

Life is a challenge and its laws  
Are rigid ones and stern;  
The splendid joy of real applause  
Each man must nobly earn.  
It makes us win its jewels rare,  
But gives us paste, if we're unfair.

## A TOAST TO HAPPINESS

To happiness I raise my glass,  
The goal of every human,  
The hope of every clan and class  
And every man and woman.  
The daydreams of the urchin there,  
The sweet theme of the maiden's prayer,  
The strong man's one ambition,  
The sacred prize of mothers sweet,  
The tramp of soldiers on the street  
Have all the selfsame mission.  
Life here is nothing more nor less  
Than just a quest for happiness.

Some seek it on the mountain top,  
And some within a mine;  
The widow in her notion shop  
Expects its sun to shine.  
The tramp that seeks new roads to fare,  
Is one with king and millionaire  
In this that each is groping  
On different roads, in different ways,  
To come to glad, contented days,  
And shares the common hoping.  
The sound of martial fife and drum  
Is born of happiness to come.

Yet happiness is always here  
Had we the eyes to see it;  
No breast but holds a fund of cheer  
Had man the will to free it.  
'Tis there upon the mountain top,  
Or in the widow's notion shop,  
'Tis found in homes of sorrow;  
'Tis woven in the memories  
Of happier, brighter days than these,  
The gift, not of to-morrow  
But of to-day, and in our tears  
Some touch of happiness appears.

'Tis not a joy that's born of wealth:  
The poor man may possess it.  
'Tis not alone the prize of health:  
No sickness can repress it.  
'Tis not the end of mortal strife,  
The sunset of the day of life,  
Or but the old should find it;  
It is the bond twixt God and man,  
The touch divine in all we plan,  
And has the soul behind it.  
And so this toast to happiness,  
The seed of which we all possess.

## GUESSING TIME

It's guessing time at our house; every evening  
after tea

We start guessing what old Santa's going to  
leave us on our tree.

Everyone of us holds secrets that the others try  
to steal,

And that eyes and lips are plainly having trouble  
to conceal.

And a little lip that quivered just a bit the other  
night

Was a sad and startling warning that I mustn't  
guess it right.

"Guess what you will get for Christmas!" is the  
cry that starts the fun.

And I answer: "Give the letter with which the  
name's begun."

Oh, the eyes that dance around me and the joy-  
ous faces there

Keep me nightly guessing wildly: "Is it some-  
thing I can wear?"

I implore them all to tell me in a frantic sort  
of way

And pretend that I am puzzled, just to keep them  
feeling gay.



Oh, the wise and knowing glances that across the  
table fly  
And the winks exchanged with mother, that they  
think I never spy;  
Oh, the whispered confidences that are poured  
into her ear,  
And the laughter gay that follows when I try  
my best to hear!  
Oh, the shouts of glad derision when I bet that  
it's a cane,  
And the merry answering chorus: "No, it's  
not. Just guess again!"

It's guessing time at our house, and the fun is  
running fast,  
And I wish somehow this contest of delight  
could always last,  
For the love that's in their faces and their laugh-  
ter ringing clear  
Is their dad's most precious present when the  
Christmas time is near.  
And soon as it is over, when the tree is bare  
and plain,  
I shall start in looking forward to the time to  
guess again.

## UNDERSTANDING

When I was young and frivolous and never  
stopped to think,  
When I was always doing wrong, or just upon  
the brink;  
When I was just a lad of seven and eight and  
nine and ten,  
It seemed to me that every day I got in trouble  
then,  
And strangers used to shake their heads and say  
I was no good,  
But father always stuck to me — it seems he  
understood.

I used to have to go to him 'most every night  
and say  
The dreadful things that I had done to worry  
folks that day.  
I know I didn't mean to be a turmoil round the  
place,  
And with the womenfolks about forever in dis-  
grace;  
To do the way they said I should, I tried the  
best I could,  
But though they scolded me a lot — my father  
understood.

He never seemed to think it queer that I should  
    risk my bones,  
Or fight with other boys at times, or pelt a cat  
    with stones;  
An' when I'd break a window pane, it used to  
    make him sad,  
But though the neighbors said I was, he never  
    thought me bad;  
He never whipped me, as they used to say to me  
    he should;  
That boys can't always do what's right — it  
    seemed he understood.

Now there's that little chap of mine, just full of  
    life and fun,  
Comes up to me with solemn face to tell the  
    bad he's done.  
It's natural for any boy to be a roguish elf,  
He hasn't time to stop and think and figure for  
    himself,  
And though the womenfolks insist that I should  
    take a hand,  
They've never been a boy themselves, and they  
    don't understand.

Some day I've got to go up there, and make a  
    sad report

And tell the Father of us all where I have fallen  
short;  
And there will be a lot of wrong I never meant  
to do,  
A lot of smudges on my sheet that He will have  
to view.  
And little chance for heavenly bliss, up there,  
will I command,  
Unless the Father smiles and says: "My boy,  
I understand."

### PEOPLE LIKED HIM

People liked him, not because  
He was rich or known to fame;  
He had never won applause  
As a star in any game.  
His was not a brilliant style,  
His was not a forceful way,  
But he had a gentle smile  
And a kindly word to say.

Never arrogant or proud,  
On he went with manner mild;  
Never quarrelsome or loud,  
Just as simple as a child;  
Honest, patient, brave and true:  
Thus he lived from day to day,  
Doing what he found to do  
In a cheerful sort of way.

Wasn't one to boast of gold  
Or belittle it with sneers,  
Didn't change from hot to cold,  
Kept his friends throughout the years,  
Sort of man you like to meet  
Any time or any place.  
There was always something sweet  
And refreshing in his face.

Sort of man you'd like to be:  
Balanced well and truly square;  
Patient in adversity,  
Generous when his skies were fair.  
Never lied to friend or foe,  
Never rash in word or deed,  
Quick to come and slow to go  
In a neighbor's time of need.

Never rose to wealth or fame,  
Simply lived, and simply died,  
But the passing of his name  
Left a sorrow, far and wide.  
Not for glory he'd attained,  
Nor for what he had of pelf,  
Were the friends that he had gained,  
But for what he was himself.

## WHEN FATHER SHOOK THE STOVE

'Twas not so many years ago,  
Say, twenty-two or three,  
When zero weather or below  
Held many a thrill for me.  
Then in my icy room I slept  
A youngster's sweet repose,  
And always on my form I kept  
My flannel underclothes.  
Then I was roused by sudden shock  
Though still to sleep I strove,  
I knew that it was seven o'clock  
When father shook the stove.

I never heard him quit his bed  
Or his alarm clock ring;  
I never heard his gentle tread,  
Or his attempts to sing;  
The sun that found my window pane  
On me was wholly lost,  
Though many a sunbeam tried in vain  
To penetrate the frost.  
To human voice I never stirred,  
But deeper down I dove  
Beneath the covers, when I heard  
My father shake the stove.

To-day it all comes back to me  
And I can hear it still;  
He seemed to take a special glee  
In shaking with a will.  
He flung the noisy dampers back,  
Then rattled steel on steel,  
Until the force of his attack  
The building seemed to feel.  
Though I'd a youngster's heavy eyes  
All sleep from them he drove;  
It seemed to me the dead must rise  
When father shook the stove.

Now radiators thump and pound  
And every room is warm,  
And modern men new ways have found  
To shield us from the storm.  
The window panes are seldom glossed  
The way they used to be;  
The pictures left by old Jack Frost  
Our children never see.  
And now that he has gone to rest  
In God's great slumber grove,  
I often think those days were best  
When father shook the stove.

## HOUSE-HUNTING

Time was when spring returned we went  
To find another home to rent;  
We wanted fresher, cleaner walls,  
And bigger rooms and wider halls,  
And open plumbing and the dome  
That made the fashionable home.

But now with spring we want to sell,  
And seek a finer place to dwell.  
Our thoughts have turned from dens and domes;  
We want the latest thing in homes;  
To life we'll not be reconciled  
Until we have a bathroom tiled.

A butler's pantry we desire,  
Although no butler do we hire;  
Nell's life will be one round of gloom  
Without a closet for the broom,  
And mine will dreary be and sour  
Unless the bathroom has a shower.

For months and months we've sat and dreamed  
Of paneled walls and ceilings beamed  
And built-in cases for the books,  
An attic room to be the cook's.  
No house will she consent to view  
Unless it has a sun room, too.



There must be wash bowls here and there  
To save much climbing of the stair;  
A sleeping porch we both demand —  
This fad has swept throughout the land —  
And, Oh, 'twill give her heart a wrench  
Not to possess a few doors, French.

I want to dig and walk around  
At least full fifty feet of ground;  
She wants the latest style in tubs;  
I want more room for trees and shrubs,  
And a garage, with light and heat,  
That can be entered from the street.

The trouble is the things we seek  
Cannot be bought for ten-a-week.  
And all the joys for which we sigh  
Are just too rich for us to buy.  
We have the taste to cut a dash:  
The thing we're lacking most is cash.

## AN EASY WORLD

It's an easy world to live in if you choose to  
make it so;  
You never need to suffer, save the griefs that  
all must know;  
If you'll stay upon the level and will do the  
best you can  
You will never lack the friendship of a kindly  
fellow man.

Life's an easy road to travel if you'll only walk  
it straight;  
There are many here to help you in your little  
bouts with fate;  
When the clouds begin to gather and your hopes  
begin to fade,  
If you've only toiled in honor you won't have  
to call for aid.

But if you've bartered friendship and the faith  
on which it rests  
For a temporary winning; if you've cheated in  
the tests,  
If with promises you've broken, you have chilled  
the hearts of men;  
It is vain to look for friendship for it will not  
come again.

Oh, the world is full of kindness, thronged with  
men who want to be  
Of some service to their neighbors and they'll  
run to you or me  
When we're needing their assistance if we've  
lived upon the square,  
But they'll spurn us in our trouble if we've  
always been unfair.

It's an easy world to live in; all you really need  
to do  
Is the decent thing and proper and then friends  
will flock to you;  
But let dishonor trail you and some stormy day  
you'll find  
To your heart's supremest sorrow that you've  
made the world unkind.

## THE STATES

There is no star within the flag  
That's brighter than its brothers,  
And when of Michigan I brag,  
I'm boasting of the others.  
Just which is which no man can say —  
One star for every state  
Gleams brightly on our flag to-day,  
And every one is great.

The stars that gem the skies at night  
May differ in degree,  
And some are pale and some are bright,  
But in our flag we see  
A sky of blue wherein the stars  
Are equal in design;  
Each has the radiance of Mars  
And all are yours and mine.

The glory that is Michigan's  
Is Colorado's too;  
The same sky Minnesota spans,  
The same sun warms it through;  
And all are one beneath the flag,  
A common hope is ours;  
Our country is the mountain crag,  
The valley and its flowers.

The land we love lies far away  
As well as close at hand;  
He has no vision who would say:  
    *This* state's my native land.  
Though sweet the charms he knows the best,  
Deep down within his heart  
The farthest east, the farthest west  
Of him must be a part.

There is no star within the flag  
That's brighter than its brothers;  
So when of Michigan I brag  
I'm boasting of the others.  
We share alike one purpose true;  
One common end awaits;  
We must in all we dream or do  
Remain *United States*.

## THE OBLIGATION OF FRIENDSHIP

You ought to be fine for the sake of the folks  
Who think you are fine.

If others have faith in you doubly you're bound  
To stick to the line.

It's not only on you that dishonor descends:  
You can't hurt yourself without hurting your  
friends.

You ought to be true for the sake of the folks  
Who believe you are true.

You never should stoop to a deed that your  
friends

Think you wouldn't do.

If you're false to yourself, be the blemish but  
small,

You have injured your friends; you've been false  
to them all.

For friendship, my boy, is a bond between men  
That is founded on truth:

It believes in the best of the ones that it loves,  
Whether old man or youth;

And the stern rule it lays down for me and for  
you

Is to be what our friends think we are, through  
and through.

## UNDER THE SKIN OF MEN

Did you ever sit down and talk with men  
In a serious sort of a way,  
On their views of life and ponder then  
On all that they have to say?  
If not, you should in some quiet hour;  
It's a glorious thing to do:  
For you'll find that back of the pomp and power  
Most men have a goal in view.

They'll tell you then that their aim is not  
The clink of the yellow gold;  
That not in the worldly things they've got  
Would they have their stories told.  
They'll say the joys that they treasure most  
Are their good friends, tried and true,  
And an honest name for their own to boast  
And peace when the day is through.

I've talked with men and I think I know  
What's under the toughened skin.  
I've seen their eyes grow bright and glow  
With the fire that burns within.  
And back of the gold and back of the fame  
And back of the selfish strife,  
In most men's breasts you'll find the flame  
Of the nobler things of life.

## THE FINER THOUGHT

How fine it is at night to say:  
"I have not wronged a soul to-day.  
I have not by a word or deed,  
In any breast sowed anger's seed,  
Or caused a fellow being pain;  
Nor is there on my crest a stain  
That shame has left. In honor's way,  
With head erect, I've lived this day."

When night slips down and day departs  
And rest returns to weary hearts,  
How fine it is to close the book  
Of records for the day, and look  
Once more along the traveled mile  
And find that all has been worth while;  
To say: "In honor I have toiled;  
My plume is spotless and unsoiled."

Yet cold and stern a man may be  
Retaining his integrity;  
And he may pass from day to day  
A spirit dead, in living clay,  
Observing strictly morals, laws,  
Yet serving but a selfish cause;  
So it is not enough to say:  
"I have not stooped to shame to-day!"



It is a finer, nobler thought  
When day is done and night has brought  
The contemplative hours and sweet,  
And rest to weary hearts and feet,  
If man can stand in truth and say:  
"I have been useful here to-day.  
Back there is one I chanced to see  
With hope newborn because of me.

"This day in honor I have toiled;  
My shining crest is still unsoiled;  
But on the mile I leave behind  
Is one who says that I was kind;  
And someone hums a cheerful song  
Because I chanced to come along."  
Sweet rest at night that man shall own  
Who has not lived his day alone.

## STUCK

I'm up against it day by day,  
My ignorance is distressing;  
The things I don't know on the way  
I'm busily confessing.  
Time was I used to think I knew  
Some useful bits of knowledge  
And could be sure of one or two  
Real facts I'd gleaned in college.  
But I'm unfitted for the task  
Of answering things my boy can ask.

Now, who can answer queries queer  
That four-year-olds can think up?  
And tell in simple phrase and clear  
Why fishes do not drink up  
The water in the streams and lakes,  
Or where the wind is going,  
And tell exactly how God makes  
The roses that are growing?  
I'm sure I cannot satisfy  
Each little when, and how, and why.

Had I the wisdom of a sage  
Possessed of all the learning  
That can be gleaned from printed page  
From bookworm's closest turning,  
That eager knowledge-seeking lad  
That questions me so gayly

Could still go round and boast he had  
With queries flooded me daily.  
He'll stick, I'll bet, in less than five  
Brief minutes any man alive.

## ETERNAL FRIENDSHIP

Who once has had a friend has found  
The link 'twixt mortal and divine;  
Though now he sleeps in hallowed ground,  
He lives in memory's sacred shrine;  
And there he freely moves about,  
A spirit that has quit the clay,  
And in the times of stress and doubt  
Sustains his friend throughout the day.

No friend we love can ever die;  
The outward form but disappears;  
I know that all my friends are nigh  
Whenever I am moved to tears.  
And when my strength and hope are gone,  
The friends, no more, that once I knew,  
Return to cheer and urge me on  
Just as they always used to do.

They whisper to me in the dark  
Kind words of counsel and of cheer;  
When hope has flickered to a spark  
I feel their gentle spirits near.

And Oh! because of them I strive  
With all the strength that I can call  
To keep their friendship still alive  
And to be worthy of them all.

Death does not end our friendships true;  
We all are debtors to the dead;  
There, wait on everything we do  
The splendid souls who've gone ahead.  
To them I hold that we are bound  
By double pledges to be fine.  
Who once has had a friend has found  
The link 'twixt mortal and divine.

## FAITH

I believe in the world and its bigness and  
splendor:  
That most of the hearts beating round us are  
tender;  
That days are but footsteps and years are but  
miles  
That lead us to beauty and singing and smiles:  
That roses that blossom and toilers that plod  
Are filled with the glorious spirit of God.

I believe in the purpose of everything living:  
That taking is but the forerunner of giving;

That strangers are friends that we some day  
    may meet;  
And not all the bitter can equal the sweet;  
That creeds are but colors, and no man has  
    said  
That God loves the yellow rose more than the  
    red.

I believe in the path that to-day I am treading,  
That I shall come safe through the dangers I'm  
    dreading;  
That even the scoffer shall turn from his ways  
And some day be won back to trust and to  
    praise;  
That the leaf on the tree and the thing we call  
    Man  
Are sharing alike in His infinite plan.

I believe that all things that are living and  
    breathing  
Some richness of beauty to earth are bequeath-  
    ing;  
That all that goes out of this world leaves  
    behind  
Some duty accomplished for mortals to find;  
That the humblest of creatures our praise is  
    deserving,  
For it, with the wisest, the Master is serving.

# I

Nobody hates me more than I;

No enemy have I to-day  
That I so bravely must defy;

There are no foes along my way,  
However bitter they may be,  
So powerful to injure me  
As I am, nor so quick to spoil  
The beauty of my bit of toil.

Nobody harms me more than I;

No one is meaner unto me;  
Of all the foes that pass me by

I am the worst one that I see.  
I am the dangerous man to fear;  
I am the cause of sorrow here;  
Of all men 'gainst my hopes inclined  
I am myself the most unkind.

I do more harmful things to me

Than all the men who seem to hate;  
I am the fellow that should be

More dreaded than the works of fate.  
I am the one that I must fight  
With all my will and all my might;  
My foes are better friends to me  
Than I have ever proved to be.

I am the careless foe and mean;  
I am the selfish rival too;  
My enmity to me is seen  
In almost everything I do.  
More courage it requires to beat  
Myself, than all the foes I meet;  
I am more traitorous to me  
Than other men could ever be.

In every struggle I have lost  
I am the one that was to blame;  
My weaknesses cannot be glossed  
By glib excuses. I was lame.  
I that would dare for fame or pelf  
Am far less daring with myself.  
I care not who my foes may be,  
I am my own worst enemy.

## THE THINGS THAT HAVEN'T BEEN DONE BEFORE

The things that haven't been done before,  
Those are the things to try;  
Columbus dreamed of an unknown shore  
At the rim of the far-flung sky,  
And his heart was bold and his faith was strong  
As he ventured in dangers new,  
And he paid no heed to the jeering throng  
Or the fears of the doubting crew.

The many will follow the beaten track  
With guideposts on the way,  
They live and have lived for ages back  
With a chart for every day.  
Someone has told them it's safe to go  
On the road he has traveled o'er,  
And all that they ever strive to know  
Are the things that were known before.

A few strike out, without map or chart,  
Where never a man has been,  
From the beaten paths they draw apart  
To see what no man has seen.  
There are deeds they hunger alone to do;  
Though battered and bruised and sore,  
They blaze the path for the many, who  
Do nothing not done before.



The things that haven't been done before  
Are the tasks worth while to-day;  
Are you one of the flock that follows, or  
Are you one that shall lead the way?  
Are you one of the timid souls that quail  
At the jeers of a doubting crew,  
Or dare you, whether you win or fail,  
Strike out for a goal that's new?

## REVENGE

If I had hatred in my heart toward my fellow  
man,  
If I were pressed to do him ill, to conjure up a  
plan  
To wound him sorely and to rob his days of all  
their joy,  
I'd wish his wife would go away and take their  
little boy.

I'd waste no time on curses vague, nor try to  
take his gold,  
Nor seek to shatter any plan that he might  
dearly hold.  
A crueller revenge than that for him I would  
bespeak:  
I'd wish his wife and little one might leave him  
for a week.

I'd wish him all the loneliness that comes with  
loss of those  
Who fill his life with laughter and contentment  
and repose.  
I'd wish him empty rooms at night and mocking  
stairs to squeak  
That neither wife nor little boy will greet him  
for a week.

If I despised my fellow man, I'd make my  
hatred known  
By wishing him a week or two of living all  
alone;  
I'd let him know the torture that is mine to  
bear to-day,  
For Buddy and his mother now are miles and  
miles away.

## PROMOTION

Promotion comes to him who sticks  
Unto his work and never kicks,  
Who watches neither clock nor sun  
To tell him when his task is done;  
Who toils not by a stated chart,  
Defining to a jot his part,  
But gladly does a little more  
Than he's remunerated for.

The man, in factory or shop,  
Who rises quickly to the top,  
Is he who gives what can't be bought:  
Intelligent and careful thought.

No one can say just when begins  
The service that promotion wins,  
Or when it ends; 'tis not defined  
By certain hours or any kind  
Of system that has been devised;  
Merit cannot be systemized.  
It is at work when it's at play;  
It serves each minute of the day;  
'Tis always at its post, to see  
New ways of help and use to be.  
Merit from duty never slinks,  
Its cardinal virtue is — it thinks!

Promotion comes to him who tries  
Not solely for a selfish prize,  
But day by day and year by year  
Holds his employer's interests dear.  
Who measures not by what he earns  
The sum of labor he returns,  
Nor counts his day of toiling through  
Till he's done all that he can do.  
His strength is not of muscle bred,  
But of the heart and of the head.  
The man who would the top attain  
Must demonstrate he has a brain.

## EXPECTATION

Most folks, as I've noticed, in pleasure an'  
strife,

Are always expecting too much out of life.

They wail an' they fret

Just because they don't get

The best o' the sunshine, the fairest o' flowers,

The finest o' features, the strongest o' powers;

They whine an' they whimper an' curse an'  
condemn,

Coz life isn't always bein' partial to them.

Notwithstandin' the pain an' the sufferin' they  
see,

They cling to the notion that they should go  
free:

That they shouldn't share

In life's trouble an' care

But should always be happy an' never perplexed,

An' never discouraged or beaten or vexed.

When life treats 'em roughly an' jolts 'em with  
care,

They seem to imagine it's bein' unfair.

It's a curious notion folks hold in their pride,

That their souls should never be tested or tried;

That others must mourn

An' be sick an' forlorn

An' stand by the biers of their loved ones an'  
    weep,  
But life from such sorrows their bosoms must  
    keep.  
Oh, they mustn't know what it means to be sad,  
Or they'll wail that the treatment they're gettin'  
    is bad.

Now life as I view it means pleasure an' pain,  
An' laughter an' weepin' an' sunshine an' rain,  
    An' takin' an' givin';  
    An' all who are livin'  
Must face it an' bear it the best that they can  
Believin' great Wisdom is workin' the plan.  
An' no one should ever complain it's unfair  
Because at the moment he's tastin' despair.

## HARD WORK

One day, in ages dark and dim,  
    A toiler, weary, worn and faint,  
Who found his task too much for him,  
    Gave voice unto a sad complaint.  
And seeking emphasis to give  
    Unto his trials (day ill-starred!)  
Coupled to "work" this adjective,  
    This little word of terror: *Hard*.

And from that day to this has work  
Its frightening description worn;  
'Tis spoken daily by the shirk,  
The first cloud on the sky at morn.  
To-day when there are tasks to do,  
Save that we keep ourselves on guard  
With fearful doubtings them we view,  
And think and speak of them as hard.

That little but ill-chosen word  
Has wrought great havoc with men's souls,  
Has chilled the hearts ambition stirred  
And held the pass to splendid goals.  
Great dreams have faded and been lost,  
Fine youth by it been sadly marred  
As plants beneath a withering frost,  
Because men thought and whispered: "Hard."

Let's think of work in terms of hope  
And speak of it with words of praise,  
And tell the joy it is to grope  
Along the new, untrodden ways!  
Let's break this habit of despair  
And cheerfully our task regard;  
The road to happiness lies there:  
Why think or speak of it as hard?

## GRATITUDE

Be grateful for the kindly friends that walk  
along your way;

Be grateful for the skies of blue that smile  
from day to day;

Be grateful for the health you own, the work  
you find to do,

For round about you there are men less fortunate than you.

Be grateful for the growing trees, the roses  
soon to bloom,

The tenderness of kindly hearts that shared your  
days of gloom;

Be grateful for the morning dew, the grass  
beneath your feet,

The soft caresses of your babes and all their  
laughter sweet.

Acquire the grateful habit, learn to see how blest  
you are,

How much there is to gladden life, how little  
life to mar!

And what if rain shall fall to-day and you with  
grief are sad;

Be grateful that you can recall the joys that  
you have had.

## A REAL MAN

Men are of two kinds, and he  
Was of the kind I'd like to be.  
Some preach their virtues, and a few  
Express their lives by what they do.  
That sort was he. No flowery phrase  
Or glibly spoken words of praise  
Won friends for him. He wasn't cheap  
Or shallow, but his course ran deep,  
And it was pure. You know the kind.  
Not many in a life you find  
Whose deeds outrun their words so far  
That more than what they seem they are.

There are two kinds of lies as well:  
The kind you live, the ones you tell.  
Back through his years from age to youth  
He never acted one untruth.  
Out in the open light he fought  
And didn't care what others thought  
Nor what they said about his fight  
If he believed that he was right.  
The only deeds he ever hid  
Were acts of kindness that he did.

What speech he had was plain and blunt.  
His was an unattractive front.  
Yet children loved him; babe and boy  
Played with the strength he could employ,



Without one fear, and they are fleet  
To sense injustice and deceit.  
No back door gossip linked his name  
With any shady tale of shame.  
He did not have to compromise  
With evil-doers, shrewd and wise,  
And let them ply their vicious trade  
Because of some past escapade.

Men are of two kinds, and he  
Was of the kind I'd like to be.  
No door at which he ever knocked  
Against his manly form was locked.  
If ever man on earth was free  
And independent, it was he.  
No broken pledge lost him respect,  
He met all men with head erect,  
And when he passed I think there went  
A soul to yonder firmament  
So white, so splendid and so fine  
It came almost to God's design.

## THE NEIGHBORLY MAN

Some are eager to be famous, some are striving  
to be great,  
Some are toiling to be leaders of their nation  
or their state,  
And in every man's ambition, if we only understood,  
There is much that's fine and splendid; every  
hope is mostly good.  
So I cling unto the notion that contented I  
will be  
If the men upon life's pathway find a needed  
friend in me.

I rather like to putter 'round the walks and  
yards of life,  
To spray at night the roses that are burned and  
browened with strife;  
To eat a frugal dinner, but always to have a  
chair  
For the unexpected stranger that my simple  
meal would share.  
I don't care to be a traveler, I would rather be  
the one  
Sitting calmly by the roadside helping weary  
travelers on.

I'd like to be a neighbor in the good old-fashion-  
ioned way,  
Finding much to do for others, but not over  
much to say.  
I like to read the papers, but I do not yearn  
to see  
What the journal of the morning has been  
moved to say of me;  
In the silences and shadows I would live my  
life and die  
And depend for fond remembrance on some  
grateful passers-by.

I guess I wasn't fashioned for the brilliant  
things of earth,  
Wasn't gifted much with talent or designed for  
special worth,  
But was just sent here to putter with life's little  
odds and ends  
And keep a simple corner where the stirring  
highway bends,  
And if folks should chance to linger, worn and  
weary through the day,  
To do some needed service and to cheer them  
on their way.

## ROSES

When God first viewed the rose He'd made  
He smiled, and thought it passing fair;  
Upon the bloom His hands He laid,  
And gently blessed each petal there.  
He summoned in His artists then  
And bade them paint, as ne'er before,  
Each petal, so that earthly men  
Might love the rose for evermore.

With Heavenly brushes they began  
And one with red limned every leaf,  
To signify the love of man;  
The first rose, white, betokened grief;  
"My rose shall deck the bride," one said  
And so in pink he dipped his brush,  
"And it shall smile beside the dead  
To typify the faded blush."

And then they came unto His throne  
And laid the roses at His feet,  
The crimson bud, the bloom full blown,  
Filling the air with fragrance sweet.  
"Well done, well done!" the Master spake;  
"Henceforth the rose shall bloom on earth:  
One fairer blossom I will make,"  
And then a little babe had birth.

On earth a loving mother lay  
Within a rose-decked room and smiled,  
But from the blossoms turned away  
To gently kiss her little child,  
And then she murmured soft and low,  
“For beauty, here, a mother seeks.  
None but the Master made, I know,  
The roses in a baby’s cheeks.”

## THE JUNK BOX

My father often used to say:  
“My boy don’t throw a thing away:  
You’ll find a use for it some day.”

So in a box he stored up things,  
Bent nails, old washers, pipes and rings,  
And bolts and nuts and rusty springs.

Despite each blemish and each flaw,  
Some use for everything he saw;  
With things material, this was law.

And often when he’d work to do,  
He searched the junk box through and through  
And found old stuff as good as new.

And I have often thought since then,  
That father did the same with men;  
He knew he'd need their help again.

It seems to me he understood  
That men, as well as iron and wood,  
May broken be and still be good.

Despite the vices he'd display  
He never threw a man away,  
But kept him for another day.

A human junk box is this earth  
And into it we're tossed at birth,  
To wait the day we'll be of worth.

Though bent and twisted, weak of will,  
And full of flaws and lacking skill,  
Some service each can render still.

## THE BOY THAT WAS

When the hair about the temples starts to show  
the signs of gray,  
And a fellow realizes that he's wandering far  
away  
From the pleasures of his boyhood and his  
youth, and never more  
Will know the joy of laughter as he did in days  
of yore,

Oh, it's then he starts to thinking of a stubby  
little lad

With a face as brown as berries and a soul  
supremely glad.

When a gray-haired dreamer wanders down the  
lanes of memory

And forgets the living present for the time of  
"used-to-be,"

He takes off his shoes and stockings, and he  
throws his coat away,

And he's free from all restrictions, save the rules  
of manly play.

He may be in richest garments, but bareheaded  
in the sun

He forgets his proud successes and the riches  
he has won.

Oh, there's not a man alive but that would give  
his all to be

The stubby little fellow that in dreamland he  
can see,

And the splendors that surround him and the  
joys about him spread

Only seem to rise to taunt him with the boyhood  
that has fled.

When the hair about the temples starts to show  
Time's silver stain,

Then the richest man that's living yearns to be  
a boy again.

## AS FALL THE LEAVES

As fall the leaves, so drop the days  
In silence from the tree of life;  
Born for a little while to blaze  
In action in the heat of strife,  
And then to shrivel with Time's blast  
And fade forever in the past.

In beauty once the leaf was seen;  
To all it offered gentle shade;  
Men knew the splendor of its green  
That cheered them so, would quickly fade:  
And quickly, too, must pass away  
All that is splendid of to-day.

To try to keep the leaves were vain:  
Men understand that they must fall;  
Why should they bitterly complain  
When sorrows come to one and all?  
Why should they mourn the passing day  
That must depart along the way?



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